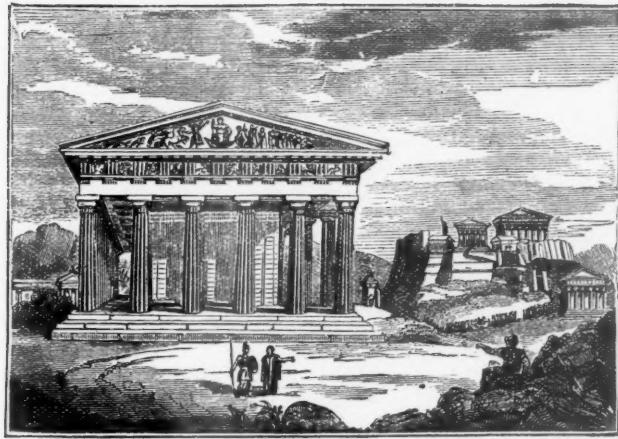


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THE
A T H E N Æ U M
JOURNAL
OF
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
AND THE DRAMA.

JULY TO DECEMBER,

1903.



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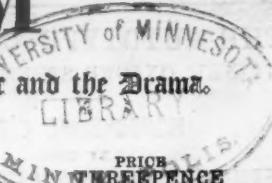
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THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Music and the Drama.

No. 3949.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903.



PRIOR
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R. W. S.—LAST TWO WEEKS OF SUMMER EXHIBITION.—ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, 51, Pall Mall East, S.W. CLOSES JULY 18. F. W. HAYWARD BUTT, Secretary.

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THE WELSH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION ACT.—CARDIFF SCHEME.

The GOVERNORS are prepared to receive applications for the post of HEAD MASTER for the CARDIFF INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL for BOYS, rendered vacant by the appointment of the present Head Master, Dr. J. J. Findlay, M.A., to the Chair of Education at the Owens College, Manchester.

The Stipend and Capitation Grant, together, at present amount to 600 per annum, on an attendance of 220 boys, and the remuneration is steadily increasing.

Intending Applicants may obtain particulars of the appointment from the Clerk to the Governors, who will also supply Copies of the Scheme.

Applications, accompanied by not more than six Testimonials, and marked on cover "Head Master," must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than MONDAY, July 13 next.

By order of the Governors,

DAVID SHEPHERD, Clerk.

No. 1, Frederick Street, Cardiff, June 23, 1903.

ST. BEES GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CUMBERLAND.

The Office of HEAD MASTER will be VACANT at the end of the Summer Term, and the Governors will shortly proceed to fill up the vacancy. The Head Master must be a Graduate of some University in the United Kingdom. A copy of the Scheme under which the School is administered will be obtained from the Governors on payment of One Shilling, and he will supply further information on application. Candidates are desired to send their names and qualifications, with not more than three Testimonials (accompanied by twelve printed copies of the same), and not more than seven references, to Dr. Broome, Clerk to the Governors, Whitehaven, not later than JULY 15. The person appointed will be expected to begin his work in the middle of September.

GOSPORT and ALVERSTOKE TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

Head Master:—LESLIE C. KEATING, B.A.

An ASSISTANT MASTER is REQUIRED to commence duties in SEPTEMBER, salary £100 per annum. Applications should be received by the Head Master not later than JULY 5 next.—Further particulars may be obtained from S. J. WOODMAN, Clerk to the Governors, 13, Bury Road, Gosport.

O WENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.

The COUNCIL is prepared to appoint a LECTURER in ECONOMIC and POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.

Applications should be sent not later than JULY 15 next to the Registrar, from whom the detailed conditions may be obtained.

SYDNEY CHAFFEWS, Registrar.

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CANVASSING will disqualify.

C. SYDNEY WATSON, Clerk of the Council.

Town Hall, Walthamstow, June 28, 1903.

STAFFORD MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL SCHOOL.

WANTED, for THREE DAYS per WEEK, an ASSISTANT to the ART MASTER. Duties to commence in SEPTEMBER. Salary 70/- Applications, stating qualifications, with copies of three Testimonials, to be sent to the Secretary, Mr. T. JACKSON, Free Library, Stafford, on or before JULY 15.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, WEST KENSINGTON.

AN EXAMINATION will be held at the above School on TUESDAY, September 8, 1903, and the following Days for VILLAGE UP TO TWENTY-ONE CANCER.—FOUNDATION. Full particulars of the Examination can be obtained on application to the Bursar.

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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1903.

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CONTINENTAL LITERATURE,
July, 1902, to July, 1903.

BELGIUM.

LAST year I had to mention two works of the first rank which were much discussed by very different circles—the 'Monna Vanna' of M. Maeterlinck, and the second volume of the admirable 'History of Belgium,' by Prof. Henri Pirenne, of Ghent University. This year the literary crop is as abundant as ever, but no single book stands out above the others.

The success of 'Monna Vanna' is well known, but M. Maeterlinck does not seem to have been so fortunate with his new piece 'Joyzelle.' Other Belgian writers in French have also addressed themselves to the stage. M. Edmond Picard, one of our literary veterans, has produced two dramas which are distinctly original, though paradoxical, like all his work—'Jéricho' and 'Fatigue de Vivre.' M. Eekhoud, a writer with singular powers of romance and colour, has penned a piece on an English subject in Shakspearean vein, 'L'Imposteur Magnanime: Perkin Warbeck.' M. Henri Maubel has published in a volume two of his plays, 'Les Racines' and 'L'Eau et le Vin'; and M. Sander Pierron, who is familiar as a writer of prose, has given us a comedy, 'Les Orties.' The work of our playwrights, except Maeterlinck, hardly gets a hearing in France, or even in Belgium.

Two poets who have achieved notoriety here and in France, M. Verhaeren and M. Gille, have published new works. 'Les Forces Tumultueuses' of the first is original beyond question, but unequal in its inspiration, and occasionally forced. M. Gille's 'La Corbeille d'Octobre' is more simple and more temperate. Among the work of the younger writers I may mention 'Vendanges' and 'Mes Rêves,' by M. Emmanuel des Hayes, and 'Bréviaire d'Amour,' in which

M. Léon Wauthy makes a somewhat voluptuous first appearance.

Prose has produced some good novels. 'Le Petit Homme de Dieu,' by M. Camille Lemonnier, transports readers into the heart of Flanders and the charming little town of Furnes, and will command the celebrated procession there which in July attracts many foreigners and sightseers. M. Léopold Courouble, whose novels of Brussels life devoted to the Kaekebroek family have had an astounding vogue, which recalls that of the types of Berlin depicted in the Buchholz family, has closed the series with a third volume, 'Les Noces d'Or de M. et de Madame van Poppe.' Flemish manners are also treated in the novel by M. Georges Verres, 'Les Gens de Tiest.' M. le Comte d'Aerschot has written some shapely sketches in his 'Sourires Perdus,' and M. Fierens-Gevaert 'Le Tocsin,' a novel which has not been so successful as his previous books concerning Bruges and artistic questions.

A Belgian who is settled in Paris, the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, and who is well known as a specialist on the study of French authors of the nineteenth century, has produced some new details of Balzac's manner of composing and writing. In his 'Histoire de la Littérature Française en Belgique de 1815 à 1830' M. Fritz Masoin has carefully exhibited the beginnings of our literary renaissance between Waterloo and the Belgian Revolution.

I must put first among books of history 'La Formation Territoriale des Principautés Belges au Moyen Age,' by Prof. Vanderkinderen. The author here brings out with assured erudition his discoveries concerning the various forms of principality in the Netherlands. Prof. Eugène Hubert, of Liège, in his book on 'Les Garnisons de la Barrière dans les Pays-Bas Autrichiens,' exhibits one of the most curious aspects of Dutch activity in eighteenth-century Belgium. In his work '1830 Illustré' M. L. van Neck has revived the history of the Belgian revolution with the aid of engravings, drawings, pictures, and caricatures of the time; but the text of this interesting work is rather feeble. M. E. Descamps has devoted a learned study to 'La Neutralité de la Belgique,' from the historical, diplomatic, legal, and political sides. The Abbé de Launoy has made a close study of 'La Conférence de Londres (1830-1),' which established the neutrality of Belgium. M. Léon Errera has written an exciting book on 'Les Juifs Russes,' in which he states that the alternative is emancipation or extermination. Count Oswald de Kerchove has published with all possible care the 'Essais et Notices' of the late Adolphe du Bois, a learned lawyer of Ghent, whose writing on laws, politics, and history was both attractive and profound. Prof. Kurth has begun to publish the 'Chartes de l'Abbaye de St. Hubert,' which display the important abbey of the Ardennes.

The part played by the Socialists in the Belgian Parliament has brought into prominence their doctrines, which are daily attracting the attention of more publicists. M. E. Cauderlier has written a book well based on documents and full of suggestion in 'L'Évolution Économique au XIX^e Siècle.' He pays special attention to England, Belgium, France, and the United

States. His brother, M. G. Cauderlier, has considered 'Les Lois de la Population en France.' Prof. Brants has studied 'La Petite Industrie Contemporaine' and 'La Législation du Travail Comparée et Internationale.' M. Émile Vander Velde, one of the leading Socialists in our Parliament, has published some curious 'Essais sur la Question Agraire en Belgique.' His political colleague, M. Louis Bertrand, is continuing his great 'Histoire de la Co-opération en Belgique,' a record of men and ideas from the Socialist point of view. M. de Winne has written a poignant volume, 'A travers la Flandre,' on the hard lot of certain Flemish workers in town and country.

But let me turn to a quieter sphere and notice some works devoted to fine art. The famous exhibition of Flemish early painters at Bruges has inspired a whole special literature. In this section I may mention particularly the works of Mr. James Weale, M. Henry Hymans, and G. de Loo, which is the pen-name of Prof. G. Hulin, of Ghent University. M. Louis Maeterlinck has revived the history of the 'Genre Satirique dans la Peinture Flamande.' M. J. de Waile has written a very suggestive work on 'L'Évolution des Formes Architecturales' in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. In the familiar collection of 'Villes d'Art Célèbres' M. Hymans has produced charming and well-illustrated monographs on Ghent, Tournai, Ypres, and Bruges.

By the side of French in Belgium flourishes, as in previous years, Flemish, which is very like Dutch. The good writers of Flemish are, indeed, more read in Holland than in Flemish Belgium, where the reading public is more restricted and less cultivated.

M. Max Rooses, the Keeper of the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, to whom we already owe a fine history of the Antwerp school of painters, has completed his masterly 'Life and Work of Rubens,' which I mentioned last year. It is admirably written and illustrated, and has already appeared in a French translation. One of the finest books of the year is that of M. Julius Sabbe on 'Peter Benoit.' With the curious literature concerning the old painters of Bruges are connected the interesting studies of MM. Karel vande Woestyne and Medard Verkest. M. Flor. van Duyse has now completed the first volume of his great work on the popular songs of the Netherlands, 'Het Oude Nederlandsche Lied.' It is a big volume of more than 900 pages, containing 260 songs, words and tunes, with copious and learned notes. This standard work is fit to rank with the most celebrated collections of the kind in Germany, England, and France.

Last July the Flemish celebrated at Courtrai the six hundredth anniversary of the Battle of the Spurs. It was the occasion for a violent controversy throughout the country between politicians and historians concerning the real significance of the Flemish victory. The best historical work on the point came from M. Victor Fris, whom I mentioned last year, and the Abbé J. Laenen. The latter has also written an interesting sketch of commerce in the Austrian Netherlands in the eighteenth century. M. F. van Veerdeghem has published the memoirs of the late Flemish novelist D. Sleenckx, which supply some in-

teresting revelations about Antwerp during and after the revolution of 1830. Peter Benoit, our great musical composer, has also left some fragmentary memoirs, 'Vlaamsche Brieven.'

In general history I must note a political history of Ireland written by M. P. van Zuylen in a very anti-English spirit. The author of this article has published the fifth volume of his 'Corpus Documentorum Inquisitionis Neerlandiae,' which contains some hundreds of documents on the persecutions directed against the Protestants of the sixteenth century.

Literary history has received some careful additions. M. de Vreese has continued his labours on the MSS. of the great writer of mystic Flemish prose in the fourteenth century, Jan van Ruusbroeck. His colleague of the Ghent University, Prof. Logeman, who is well known in England, has examined afresh the question of the connexion between 'Elckerlyc' and 'Everyman.' The second volume of the posthumous work of the poet Prudens van Duyse on the history of the Chambers of Rhetoric in the Netherlands has been published by his son and M. Frans de Potter, who has also finished his great Flemish bibliography since 1830, a work which exhibits the increasing activity of Flemish writing, though the revolution seemed to have sounded its death-knell. MM. Coopman and Scharpē are continuing their illustrated history of Flemish literature since 1830, which is full of unpublished details, portraits, and autographs. M. van Verdegem and the author of this article have written a monograph on Sleecckx; Prof. Verriest has published a splendid eulogy of the poet of West Flanders, Guido Gezelle; and his brother the Abbé Hugo Verriest in 'Twintig Vlaamsche Koppen' has sketched portraits of the principal Flemish writers of the same district. Mlle. Marie Belpaire, in her interesting volume 'Het Landeven in de Letterkunde,' studies the novels of Conscience, Virginie Loveling, George Eliot, Ian Maclaren, Georges Sand, René Bazin, Rosegger, Anzengruber, Auerbach, and Björnson. MM. A. de Cock and Teirlinck have given us the first part of their masterly work 'Kinderspelen en Kinderlust in Zuid-Nederland,' which deserves the attention of all students of folk-lore. This instalment is concerned with leaping, running, and dancing games. The introduction to the work is an excellent piece of writing. MM. Brants, E. Soens, and J. Jacobs have published curious works on German mythology.

In Flanders literature is in mourning this year for the poet and agitator Julius Vuylsteke, while Holland deplores the death of its two poets, Nicolaas Beets and Schaeppman. These leading literary figures will not be easily replaced. Among the poetical collections, which are as numerous as ever, I must notice 'Wijding,' by a young poet of Ghent with a future, M. Richard de Cneudt. As for prose, the young school is pre-eminent. "Stijn Streuvels," whose success in Holland I have mentioned more than once, has published 'Dagen' and 'Langs de Wegen.' The Abbé Hugo Verriest, in his volume 'Op Wandel,' has collected a series of sketches and impressions. Two veterans in the writing of Flemish novels remain faithful to the old tradition, M. Segers in

his 'Lief en Leed in de Kempen' and M. Omer Wattez in 'Het Geyin van den Mulder.' We have also had some delightful posthumous sketches by Madame Clara Cogen-Ledeganck on the celebrated Beguinages of Ghent, which her daughter has published with pious care and adorned with pretty engravings.

The stage has not been neglected. Our realistic playwright, M. Scheltjens, has produced two poignant pieces, 'In 't zwarte Land' and 'Rivierschuiwers.' M. Sabbe and M. Cuppens cultivate, on the contrary, an almost mystic vein, the former in his fairy play 'Pinksternacht,' the latter in his 'Communiekantje.' The strongest dramatic work of the year has been the Socialistic play by the well-known novelist M. Buysse, 'Het Gezin Van Paemel,' which shows small Flemish farmers at warfare with their village lord, their clergyman, the gamekeepers, and gendarmes, all conspiring to grind them down and reduce them to despair. Played at Ghent by a company of amateurs, who are working Socialists, in the dialect of the Flemish peasants of the neighbourhood, the drama, though extravagant here and there, made a deep impression on a public in part of a bourgeois character. It is a strong piece, which appeals to others, too.

PAUL FREDERICQ.

BOHEMIA.

SINCE my last survey, Jaroslav Vrchlický, the foremost Bohemian poet, has celebrated his fiftieth birthday. This very prolific master of rhythms, who at the same time is Professor of the Comparative History of Literature at the University of Prague, received the warmest congratulations, not only from the literary community, but also from the wider circle of the reading public. Presentations and numerous festivities testified to the great popularity and esteem he enjoys amongst his intelligent countrymen. He has added this year fresh collections to the unusually numerous series of his productions, viz., 'Votive Tablets,' which form the concluding items of his 'Fragments of Epics'; then a book of very delicate verse, 'The Soul a Mimosa,' and recently a volume of patriotic poetry under the title of 'My Country.' Besides the much-feted name of Vrchlický, I am glad to record the not less appreciated one of Svatopluk Čech, who for some time past has been too silent. But now his charming poem of 'The Reapers,' which is half idyllic, and yet bears strongly on a social question (printed in the review *Květy*), is a welcome proof that his creative powers have in no way abated.

Amongst other prominent events in our literary world is the realization of a project which was mentioned in last year's report. A number of Bohemian writers have formed an independent publishing society called Máj, the chief object of which is to improve the material situation of literary men and women in this country, and it must be acknowledged that the endeavours of this new society have in a great measure succeeded in promoting the interests of authors. They have helped to raise the fees for literary work, to ensure a greater share in the profits of books for the writers of them, and to protect rights in literary property. The

society has published a good number of books by members at its own cost.

Much attention has been drawn during the past year to the solemn observance of the fiery death at Constance, on the 6th of July, 1415, of John Hus, Wycliff's docile pupil. The appreciation of his life and teaching is evidently increasing in the Bohemian world, and it has led this year even to a large literary enterprise—the publication of a collection of all the martyr's works, many manuscripts of which have only been discovered in these latter days.

In *belles-lettres* the productions of last year are very numerous, but there are not many remarkable novelties. Attempts—as yet not much more than attempts—at a modern novel are multiplying, but that is all. Hladík, for instance, has written a social novel, 'Passion and Strength,' and one of our youngest writers, Egger, has tried his hand at some psychological studies, saturated with pessimism, entitled 'Peter Suk' and 'In the Tow of Passion'; and there are many works of a similar description. Short stories are still much in favour, and are represented by Slezhar's pessimistic collection 'Darkness'; Mrštik's stories of real life, as 'Babeta, Verunka, and Others'; Krombauer's picture of tavern life in the capital, 'From the Catacombs of Prague'; and Svoboda's psychological analyses of 'Passion and Fate.' Besides these, the humorous stories by Hermann and Šípek are very popular.

Machar's 'Old Stories in Prose,' which were, at the beginning of his literary career, printed in different magazines, and have lately been published in a collection, show very interestingly how his mind developed by degrees, and how he originated ideas and thoughts more sharply presented in his later poems.

I must not pass without a word a particular kind of memoir-like fiction cultivated by Václav Vlček and Ladislav Quis. The former has published a story, 'From the Native Nest,' the latter two 'Books of Reminiscences,' and both preserve the memories of the last five important decades of our social and literary life, which otherwise might fall into oblivion.

In verse I have to mention a somewhat lengthy and gloomy poem, 'A Ballad of a Man and his Joys,' which has been illustrated by the painter Kupka; and a 'Tragedy,' by the formidable satirist Victor Dyk. A great stir has been made by a collection of poems signed with the pseudonym Bezruč; they give striking pictures of the miserable life of the Bohemians in Silesia, and are written with a great deal of verve. The youngest of our poets, who gather round the *Modern Review*, have made an attempt at publishing a collection of their own verse; it is entitled 'Poetical Spring,' and is interesting, though it contains more good intention than real poetry.

On the stage of the National Theatre several new pieces have appeared, which attracted much attention and caused lively discussion. The most interesting was the attempt at a new form—in fact, a sort of rehabilitation of the historical drama—made by Hilbert. He made a lengthy play out of Bohemian history at the end of the thirteenth century; the hero, Falkenstein, is guardian of the King Wenceslas II., a

minor, and lover of the dowager queen. The author aimed at a drama of modern ideas, incorporating historic personages and facts, and though he was not exactly true to history, he got a sympathetic reception from the public.

Another historical play is being prepared, the hero of which is to be the greatest military genius of the Bohemian past—John Žižka of Trocnov, while the writer is the author of a whole series of historical novels, Alois Jirásek. Different is the tendency of 'Olga Rubesová,' a drama of contemporary life, in which a girl, seeing the trials of woman in society of the present day, and loathing the way men live in these times, ends the sufferings of her purity by suicide.

Nedbal's pantomime 'Stupid Jack' was much liked for its music. One would think, judging from the title, that a sort of national fairy tale was intended, but in reality it is a series of disconnected scenes, the effect of which is rather grotesque than highly artistic.

Literary history, especially essays on literary questions and artistic subjects, we have lately cultivated with increasing interest, and it is chiefly English examples—such as Ruskin and Morris—which promote with us the revival and improvement of taste in literature and art. The artistic society Manes arranged a series of lectures, amongst which those of the critic F. X. Salda were prominent. The novelist Mrštík has published a collection of his reviews and polemical writings under the title 'Pia Desideria'; and a very interesting series of essays by the unusually gifted poet Brezina has just lately appeared, with the general title 'The Music of the Streams.'

Among more extensive works I must mention 'The History of Bohemian Literature in the Nineteenth Century,' a joint work by several writers. There is a series of monographs upon different subjects, and the writer of this sketch has published a book on 'The Philosophy of Literature under H. Taine and his Predecessors.'

There are also some artistic publications worth mentioning, notably the splendid coloured reproductions of Hans Schwaiger's pictures. As the painter is well known abroad, there is no doubt that this collection of his best pieces will be appreciated beyond the boundaries of his native country. In a similar manner copies of the best works of Brožík and Hynais, which have been exhibited in Paris at different times, are being reproduced. F. Subrt, the former director of the National Theatre, is preparing a large and costly history of that institution.

Finally, I must not forget to mention the earnest efforts made to produce a new and artistic literature for children, which the society Manes has initiated by the publication of an artistic book for children entitled 'Snow.'

V. TILLE.

DENMARK.

THE first point to notice about Danish literature is the rapid increase of its mass. This extraordinary fertility leads to considerations of a not altogether agreeable nature. Though the increase extends over all the different fields of literature, it is certainly greatest in dramas, novels, and poems; everybody seems to become a

writer at a time when nobody will be a reader. In the period from September to the new year (our great season) in 1901 were published 120 volumes of fiction—a number which then caused some consternation; last year the record was 180 for the same period. Small as this number may seem to British readers, it is majestic for a Lilliputian kingdom like ours. I wish I could say that the quality kept pace with the quantity! But that is not so, alas! As the quantity grows, the quality is deteriorating, or it seems so, because the really valuable things disappear in the mass of indifferent products. It is generally allowed that our literature, particularly the *belles-lettres* of to-day, is not rich in promise; there are no new currents, no movements, no discoveries of the sort which go to create a new epoch. Generally I note an indifference and detachment about most of these *belles-lettres*, which only repeat well-known subjects without personal fire or inspiration. It is a ruminating sort of literature; the second generation of naturalism seems no longer able to produce vital art, but it has developed a rage for writing and a technical dexterity in the use of the pen which are astonishing. How skilled they are, all these authors, male and female! What strict observers! How clever in sketching and painting! And yet you feel that they want something. What is it? The very life-blood of art, what once was called the heart, and now—I really do not know what it is termed. But we all know what it is when it comes and sends the blood tingling through the veins. There is a more and more intense craving for it as we become tired of all the artifices of the virtuoso. And perhaps it is on the threshold. We feel as if there was a new dawn behind the clouds, and now and then we seem to see a gleam of morning sun, though still pale and bewildered. But, after all, I am not sure that the renewal of thought now proceeding will first reveal itself in poetic shape.

A preliminary result of this lack of personal aim and lofty aspiration is the fact that historical fiction—the favourite of the romantic school a hundred years ago—is returning. The naturalistic critic condemned it severely some thirty years ago. Now the tide has turned, it sets in again in many different shapes and forms, founded on the exact and detailed study of times past and their culture. But it is naturalism which has now taken up the brush and paints from its particular point of view; we get more scenery and more colour than character. Half the novels which are written in this country at present draw their supply from the armouries of history, national or universal. Young authors like Svend Leopold, Johs. V. Jensen, Mathilda Malling, and others turn away from modern monotony and philistinism to dip into the past, that *juventus mundi* which the present world in its old age envies and would warm itself by. A young and highly gifted author, Laurids Bruun, recently wrote a big historic novel, 'Alle Synderes Konge' ('The King of all Sinners'), which is certainly not indifferent or impersonal. It goes back to that time of deepest decay when Denmark was under the unhappy Christopher II. It deals with the

hereditary sin which is handed down from father to son in unbroken line, and shows how the fate of a physically and mentally degenerate individual, in collision with the demands of a merciless and impersonal society, must be tragic. All the incidents are given with a most vivid impressionism.

Another leading feature in the production of recent years, which perhaps culminated last year, is the growing predominance of literature produced by female writers. There is an increasing body of ladies who devote their powers to literature, and every year they produce new, heavy books. It seems as if publishers are confident regarding ladies; perhaps their experience is encouraging; or is it that the ladies enter upon easier terms than their manly colleagues. Anyhow, there is a general anticipation that the ladies will some day be the happy holders of the field.

It is to be regretted that a great number of these writing ladies affect a rather vulgar taste, and luxuriate in pictures of indelicate and ambiguous love affairs, with details calculated to arouse sensation, rather than satisfy the demands of the psychologist and the poet. Some of them, indeed, are very bright and clever, but others seem to consist of mere "nerves" and "senses." The question principally is one of culture, or, rather, want of culture. These ladies lack moral, and, in a certain sense, intellectual culture, too. Strong protests have been made by their own sex against the deterioration of womanhood involved in their expatiations on dubious female characters. Talent varies, and it happens that small offenders are hanged where great ones are let off; but the fact is one of many proofs how bad an educator naturalism has been. At the head of this female or feminist school stands Mrs. Agnes Henningsen, who recently published a very big novel, 'Spedalske' ('Lepers'), a book treating of love as a sort of contagious, leprosy condition. From different quarters this book was attacked for its gross sensuality and lack of moral feeling.

There are writing ladies, however, of a very different type, who represent womanhood pure and chaste—Mrs. Blicher-Clausen, for instance, who has the largest public, perhaps, of any Danish author at present, and Miss Ingeborg Maria Sick, who wrote 'Hofjeldspræst' ('Priest of the High Mountains'), a tale of a Norwegian priest of a strict order, with whom a young Danish lady of the modern description falls in love. She wins him, but leaves him, seeing that he, through his vehement love for her, is being led away from his higher calling and becoming an inferior man. The priest is a little conventional, but there are good things in the rendering of the young girl's feelings. A last chapter, where the lovers are reunited, having learnt to forsake love, is unnatural, perhaps, yet beautiful. What took the public in this book, I suppose, was the renewal of religious moods.

Of a wholly different order is Valdemar Rödham's 'Gudrun Dyre' ('A Girl's Name'). It is a hymn to sensual love, in praise of the flesh, an epic in verse with scarcely anything but love in it, and a theory of the freedom thereof. Yet it is presumed that

love is one, constant, indivisible, which in this case seems very unlikely. There is movement in the verses, of which many are beautiful, though rather verbose; but the plot and the characters are very insipid.

Of verses we have not seen much this year. The best were a collection of Kai Hoffmann, 'Byen og Havet' ('The Town and the Sea'), containing beautiful pictures in an exotic style which reminds one of modern French lyrics.

A book concerning small Copenhagen people and their fate is Carl E. Simonsen's 'Ti Kendes for Ret' ('Such is the Law'). The author, who is a self-made man, and has been a journalist for many years, knows wonderfully how all these petty people—servants and workmen—think and act, and he has a genuine feeling for them.

The stream of literature dealing with country people and country life among the peasantry is subsiding now. There is nothing more to be done. One of the cleverest of authors of this sort, Johan Skjoldborg, is still working, but with less success than he had earlier. His last book, 'Gylholm' (the name of a manor), has some brilliant pages on the intercourse between the small cottagers and servants on a noble estate, but afterwards it degenerates into a Socialistic pamphlet.

The edition of the collected works of Georg Brandes in twelve volumes has been finished, and is now followed by a reprint of his polemical pamphlets, which it would have been better certainly to leave uncollected on account of their bitterness and injustice. Alfred Ipsen's critical study on Georg Brandes (the first that has appeared) will be closed with a third volume in the autumn. Dr. Vald Vedel, the student of literary history, has published a large book, 'Heroic Life.' It pictures the primitive life of the ancient world in many countries and phases, as it developed under the strong and brilliant rule of war and the worship of all the warlike virtues. The book is founded on extracts from the heroic poems of all nations from the Farthest East to the North and West. It certainly deserves to be translated into the great languages of the world.

A book somewhat similar in subject, but very different in treatment, is Axel Oirik's 'Danmarks Hældigtnig' ('Ancient Heroic Poems of Denmark'). It is only a first part, dealing with the traditions of Rolf Krake and the elder line of the Skjoldungs (old Danish kings), and the author tries to settle solid principles for dealing with the old lays, which often, under the influence of the great migration, were changed and remodelled. He compares the Danish and Norwegian forms of the tradition with the English 'Beowulf,' and finds out what is original and what secondary, and he prints a new revised text of the 'Bjarkamal' (which is dated *circa* 900). In opposition to the common tendency in the treatment of the sagas and lays, he tries to carry out a poetic and literary principle in his dealing with them. An English edition of the book will soon appear.

ALFRED IPSEN.

FRANCE.

An ardent admirer of Balzac recently maintained that playwrights would seek to no purpose in the 'Comédie Humaine' for

subjects suitable for dramatization. According to that writer Balzac's psychology is so rich, so subtle, and envelopes the plot in so close a mesh that one cannot detach it without at the same time losing much of its interest. M. Émile Fabre, who has produced a play out of Balzac, wishes, apparently, to give the lie to this unfavourable prognostication. Adaptations from novels being often failures, it is only right to record the unexpected and richly deserved success which M. Fabre obtained at the Odéon. The whole action of his drama turns on this important situation—a desperate fight in which a trio of ambitious and avaricious people contend fiercely for the fortune of a doctor. The characters stand out with a vigour worthy of Balzac. M. Fabre has taken his subject from the novelist's tragic picture 'Ménage de Garçon,' which we in France have all read. No critic has ventured to censure M. Fabre for the freedom with which he has treated the plot and embroidered the drama. His audacity has been justified by his success. M. Henri Bataille needed no less courage, and even some rashness, to make a play out of Tolstoy's 'Resurrection.' Every one in France, as in England, knows this work of the Russian writer. No small degree of courage was required to attempt the dramatization of such a work. One ran the risk of minimizing its brutally pathetic and, in some measure, external elements, and of weakening its real essence, the study of the soul and of the more delicate shades of feeling. M. Bataille has not altogether steered clear of these difficulties. Some of his pictures are outlined in lurid and somewhat painful colours. The subject chosen by M. Paul Hervieu in 'Théroigne de Méricourt' also presents great difficulties; but the man who wrote that excellent piece 'La Course au Flambeau' is capable of conquering them. It was fitting that M. Hervieu's great talent should cope with the French Revolution. He might—wishing to symbolize the Revolution—have created and armed from head to foot a heroine with a character suitable to the expression of his theme. He preferred instead to choose a real person. But, in order to make Théroigne serve the purpose of his play, he has been obliged to assign her an importance, a rôle, and a character which she never possessed. M. Hervieu thus sets himself to pervert historical fact, a fault for which he has not escaped censure.

Contrary to M. Hervieu, M. Octave Mirbeau finds his characters in the world of to-day, one might even say the life of the moment. The original idea of his play, 'Les Affaires sont les Affaires,' which recently obtained a brilliant success at the Comédie Française, is contained in a short novel published by the author under the title 'Agronomie.' Like all that comes from the pen of M. Mirbeau, this play, in its tendencies and in its signification, is strong and forceful, which detracts nothing from its psychological value. Quite other is the philosophy of M. Alfred Capus. It is as optimistic and pleasing as that of M. Mirbeau is pessimistic and harsh. M. Capus thinks that we take the facts of life too seriously, and that nine times out of ten they are not worth the attention we give them. His 'La Châtelaine' was no less

successful than 'La Veine' and 'Les Deux Ecoles.' Though the same quality of mind is revealed in this as in the other plays by the same author, it is impregnated in 'La Châtelaine' by a slightly different philosophy. M. Capus's optimism is benevolent since he reassures and consoles us. In 'La Châtelaine' a variation is added. "All can be accomplished," he says—"if one wills it firmly." This addition purifies and elevates M. Capus's conception. The author of 'La Châtelaine' has become a moralist. In order to sustain the brilliant success of that play, M. Capus should have followed it by a real masterpiece; but the drama produced in the month of March last was merely pleasing, and lacked the grain of psychologic truth and observation which charmed us in the earlier work. The characters are carelessly sketched, and fail to interest me because they are not alive. Quite another kind of fault has been attributed to M. Maurice Donnay in 'L'Autre Danger.' He has been accused of having drawn the material for his drama from a novel by Maupassant. If indeed M. Donnay did seek his inspiration in this celebrated source, he is fully justified, for the result is a pathetic play. Yet another opportunity has been afforded of enjoying his exquisite gifts of mingled irony and sweetness, shrewdness and tenderness.

Novelists, who become more and more numerous in France, may be arranged under two heads. Some remain faithful to the ancient traditional conception of the novel, and confine their studies to one subject only—love. But, unfortunately, the public has for a long time become *blasé*, and as it is difficult to rejuvenate so old a subject as the novel, itself as old as the hills, these writers too often think themselves bound to stimulate the idle curiosity of readers by applying themselves solely to the passions and giving us unwholesome pictures in which art has no part. The others, without altogether refraining from the portrayal of love either in its tragic or its attractive phases, write novels with ideas concerning philosophic, social, and religious questions. In such cases the novel becomes a pretext, or, to be more exact, a process by means of which some theme is brought before the general public, which, stripped of its fictional covering, would, by its mere appearance, scare away the reader. These books are, in fact, treatises disguised as novels. This kind of literature is now much in vogue in France. Scarcely any didactic books are written, or, at least, scarcely any that are written are read.

Every writer with an idea in his head which, rightly or wrongly, he thinks fit to publish abroad falls back on the novel, and invents some story, some romance, in which to clothe his theme. Thus the novel becomes a mould into which the writer pours his thought. One may venture to class M. Paul Bourget's 'L'Étape' in this latter category of books. It is a novel dealing with some of the most difficult questions of the day. M. Bourget's text would have provided material for a big treatise on history or political philosophy, but he preferred to enshrine it in the lighter form of the novel, and thus to make it more accessible to the public and more agreeable. M. Bourget's book has called forth numerous

and violent objections, which it is not my business to examine here; I must, however, say that 'L'Étape' contains much of real beauty. The moralist, the observer, the subtle analyst, is revealed in each line. In 'Les Deux Vies' the brothers Margueritte attempt the solution of a moral problem of the first importance. Is it always right to sacrifice oneself to the laws and customs of society? or has the innocent, unfortunate individual a right to liberty and happiness? It is easy to imagine how interesting such a subject, as treated by MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, makes 'Les Deux Vies,' which is both a thrilling drama and a satire on the manners of the law courts and the Bar. The defect of this book, which was well received by the public and sufficiently mauled by the critics, is that it contains two stories which have absolutely no mutual relation. It is doubtful whether Madame Marcelle Tinayre's 'La Maison du Péché' would have made such a stir had it not contained one story only. The author has introduced in it a very serious element, a subject which has at all times occupied men's thoughts—the antagonism between earthly love and faith. This book thus touches upon extremely delicate topics, which it is almost impossible to discuss without risk of offence to somebody. Madame Tinayre has no doubts; she is for love as against faith. Not on account of its theme will this book live, still less by its wearisome exhibition of theological debate, but by its literary qualities of poetry and emotion. M. Marc Andiol in 'Le Paradis de l'Homme, Roman des Temps Prochains,' has altogether given up the sentimental plot for the idea, the problem which he wishes to study. Books have often been written to tell us how delightful life in the future will be, when the progress of science, united with that of Socialism, has achieved the assurance of happiness for mankind. What gives M. Andiol's book a greater interest is that, on the contrary, he shows how intolerable life will in time become if men persist, as they have done for the last hundred years, in confining progress to the development of machinery and the elaboration of legislation. M. Marcel Prévost's last work, 'Lettres à Françoise,' also combines romance and a purpose. This remarkable book marks an epoch in M. Prévost's career. It is neither a novel nor a pedagogic treatise nor a manual of practical philosophy. It is something of all these at once. He attempts to probe the soul of the young girl of to-day and to find out how best to educate her—a serious problem, and one which has vexed M. Prévost for a long time. Several of his books have resulted from it, and traces of it may be seen in his recent works, 'Frédérique' and 'Léa.' These letters which M. Prévost addresses to Françoise are gems of literature—brilliant, witty, touching, and imbued with a virtue rare and precious above all, good sense.

In the first category of novelists of which I have spoken, those who have no ambition to introduce into their work any social or philosophic treatise, but confine themselves to unfolding a romantic story, several names rush to my pen. Madame Daniel Lesueur in her last novel, making

use of a method dear to M. Bourget, weaves into her tale a minute and delicate psychologic commentary. She dissects in the course of her narrative the characters which she brings on the scene, and reveals the secret motives of their actions, and this separates her entirely from the ordinary "feuilletonists." She does not limit herself to enthralling the reader by an ingenious combination of circumstances; she incites him to think for himself. The same may be said of M. Henry Bordeaux, certainly one of the most gifted writers of the younger generation. If in 'La Peur de Vivre' we consider only the thread of the narrative, the material may seem somewhat thin. It is the double story of a love unrequited and a love satisfied—a story of sweet sadness. It has no *coup de théâtre*, no complications of sentiment, no impossible or improbable adventures. Another merit is its extreme morality—a rare quality in the novel of these days. M. Bordeaux has eminently healthy ideas to give forth, and he writes with an undoubted mastery which is an assured pledge of his future success. M. Léo Claretie—like M. Bordeaux, one of our most distinguished critics—has given us this year a touching, highly realistic, and at the same time truly literary novel called 'Le Roman d'un Agrégé.' He has been wise enough to realize that it is in pictures of life, and not in the discussion of philosophic questions, that the public is interested, and he has proved himself an adept in that difficult art.

The number of novels which I might place in one or other of my categories is great—too great. I may mention the 'Donatiennes' of M. René Bazin, who has ably sustained in his last novel the great success of 'Les Oberlé'; 'Dos d'Ane,' by M. Louis Boulé, a young writer with a future, who reveals himself as an inspired disciple of Pierre Loti; 'L'Inutile Effort,' by M. Édouard Rod, which once more testifies to the vigour and originality of his observation; 'L'Inconstante,' by Madame Marie de Régnier, and 'La Nouvelle Espérance,' by the Comtesse de Noailles, two novels which are almost literary events. But I must restrain myself for want of space, and that I may not inflict on the reader the nuisance of arid nomenclature. The critic with sufficient courage to attempt the perusal of the innumerable novels published yearly in France would doubtless acknowledge that talent is not wanting, though genius is not apparent, and masterpieces are rare. He would admire the gift of accurate and minute observation, the subtle psychology, the force, colour, and picturesque quality of the language—all these attributes of our writers' talents; but that would be the sole profit that our unhappy critic would derive from a gigantic task.

It is a truism which has become a commonplace that poetry is in process of evolution. One has but to look around to be convinced. The Academy, the faithful guardian of tradition, has crowned two collections of poems by M. Fernand Gregh and by the Comtesse de Noailles, in which the old rules are disregarded. M. Sully-Prudhomme, who has instituted a prize with the money from the Nobel foundation, has felt himself constrained to

reward M. Émile Michelet, a poet of whose doctrines he formally disapproved. M. André Beaunier, in 'La Poésie Nouvelle,' seeks to find out in exactly what this evolution, this reform of poetry consists. M. Beaunier, who is a revolutionary in poetry, pursues with his hatred the old schools, and in particular that which flourished, as it were, yesterday—Parnassus. According to him the Parnassians were but "rhetoricians"—their aestheticism contemporary with the positivist movement which engrossed French thought under the Second Empire.

M. Beaunier only seeks to abase the Parnassians in order to exalt the Symbolists, to whose principal works—those of M. Gustav Kahn, M. Jean Moréas, and M. Henri de Régnier—he applies himself. But M. Beaunier's panegyric is confronted by a phenomenon which one cannot help being gripped by; it is that, after having devoted themselves to the newly born symbolism, these three writers have retraced their steps and now tend to return to the traditional and common path. M. Henri de Régnier, who recently gave us 'La Cité des Eaux,' furnishes a notable proof of this. He chisels out verse which for sculptural beauty, clearness of contour, and wisdom is equal to the best work of his master, M. Maria de Hérédia. M. de Régnier approaches very nearly in his latest poetic works the illustrious Leconte de Lisle, whose 'Premières Poésies et Lettres Intimes' M. B. Guinaudeau has just produced. Much interest is always attached to the *débuts* of great writers. It is the time when their genius is formulated, when their temperament displays those essential features which are later to be characteristic. This publication does justice to the tales which have been circulated about the harshness, the impassive nature, of Leconte de Lisle. He had both heart and feeling, and was a true, a great poet.

After these poets of the foremost rank I must mention others who will, perhaps, become celebrated one day, and who present us this year with works of some value. M. Lucien Lambert has published 'La Chanson du Parc,' a fragrant bouquet of sylvan flowers, rustic and sweetly sonorous airs, landscapes drawn with a firm and delicate touch, poems picturesque and redolent of the true lover of nature. M. Francis Bœuf gives us 'La Halte,' a halt in the effort of the dream of a true poet who pours out his heart to us in melancholy confidences, a restful pause which leads us to foretell yet another and a more happy stage in his ascent towards art and beauty. It would be unjust to omit in this rapid sketch of the poetic year 'Heures de Poésie,' by Madame Eugénie Casanova; 'Chrysanthèmes,' by Madame Anna Drioton; and 'Les Levantines,' by M. René Delaporte, three works animated by the true spirit, and lacking neither merit nor charm.

In the estimation of the thinking public history now fills the place left vacant by several other kinds of literature. We are arriving daily at a clearer conception of its methods and its art. History has learnt the lesson of accuracy, and has been initiated into the methods of the neighbouring sciences—natural history, physiology, psychology, and social science. At a

time when history is getting more mastery over its methods, and finds an increasing popularity among the cultured, it also enters into the possession of all sorts of hitherto unexploited resources. The national archives, for a long time inaccessible, are now open to the curious, while at the same time sheaves of documents are being issued from private collections. It was while thus exploring our diplomatic archives that M. Albert Vandal sketched the first lines of his work as an historian. That work has been enriched this year by a book which was enthusiastically received, 'L'Avènement de Bonaparte.' It is a big piece of history, and displays learning, eloquence, excellent spirit, and precision. Never has it been better demonstrated how Napoleon took possession of power when France was crushed by the Revolution. Facts appear in this book in a somewhat different light from that in which it has been the custom to present them. Though the majority of historians have maintained otherwise, Bonaparte's ambition on the 18th Brumaire was not clearly conscious of itself. The Cæsarian idea was as yet unborn in Cæsar. Marengo was needed to complete Brumaire. This conclusion, which is M. Vandal's, is clearly to be seen in his recital of the facts.

The success which greeted this book is a proof of the lively interest still taken in the events of the Napoleonic epoch. The more it is brought to our notice the more we observe how many surprises it still holds for us. On nearly every point history has to be substituted for legend, and to accomplish this has been the object of the works which, without loss of interest, have so enormously increased lately. M. Paul Gautier has just devoted to the 'Madame de Staël et Napoléon' controversy a study which shows that episode in quite a different aspect. It is notable for the abundance and exactitude of its references, many of them previously unpublished. This rage for books on Napoleon has had its result in a work whose mere title is a paradox, 'Napoléon Antimilitariste,' by M. Gustave Canton. In the course of it the author explains his title, and, I must admit, justifies it with ability. M. Canton submits that Napoleon did not wish the army to escape from the control of the central power, that the army made no pretension to administer civil law, and that the chief generals never forgot that they were simple functionaries. Thus presented the idea is defensible. M. Gilbert Stenger's 'La Société Française pendant le Consulat' bespeaks the observer and philosopher rather than the historian. He does not undertake the explanation of doubtful historical points, but paints his picture from the testimony of the newspapers, memoirs, and *brochures* published under the Consulate and up to our own times. M. Édouard Gachot has published this year 'Souvarow en Italie,' in which he reverses the opinion of several Russian and Italian writers.

This interest in the historic past, though it expatiates on the revolutionary or imperial epoch and lingers over it, also finds material in the periods before and after. The Vicomte de Noailles has published a well-authenticated work with the title 'Marins et Soldats Français en Amérique pendant la Guerre de l'Indépendance des États-Unis.' M. Lair has produced a new edition of his justly celebrated 'Louise de la Vallière et la Jeunesse de Louis XIV.,' a book which has the twofold attraction of romance and truth. M. Maugras has also written a volume which unites the interest of history with the charm of a novel, 'La Discrâce du Duc et de la Duchesse de Choiseul.' In 'Isabeau de Bavière, Reine de France,' M. Marcel Thibault presents a true picture of the period and the most complete and best-informed study which has yet appeared on Isabel's early life. M. Gabriel Hanotaux abandons this remote past of France to relate in his 'Histoire de la France Contemporaine' the events of to-day—a difficult task. Things near to us, events which have only just happened, are no less obscure than those which unfolded themselves in the past. Indeed, they are more so, for with the past it is lack of information which hampers us, whereas with the present it is the excessive abundance of it which bewilders and confuses. M. Hanotaux needed much courage besides the desire and firm resolve to look at things philosophically to attempt such a heavy task.

In the first rank of criticism and literary history I find this year M. Gaston Boissier with a masterly work, 'Tacite.' I must duly congratulate M. Boissier on not having made the usual mistake of biographers, who too easily become panegyrists. He admires Tacitus without idolizing him. He not only praises his merits, but also throws light on his weaknesses, taking care to point out, however, that they belong more to the age in which he lived than to the man himself. This volume arrives in the nick of time to correct the false ideas of the illustrious author of the 'Agricola' held by so many. During the second half of last century no one would recognize in him anything more than a just judge, a contemner of imperial corruption. The next step, to disguise him as a demagogue, was one which was quickly taken. I gather from M. Boissier's book that Tacitus was not a republican in the sense in which we understand the term now. M. Émile Faguet in his new volume 'André Chénier' gives us a true portrait of that poet who was, above all, Grecian. The illustrious critic portrays him with his usual knowledge, good taste, and a rare felicity of expression; the book in this particular, like all those on which M. Faguet's talent is exercised, carries weight. It cannot, however, be said that M. Faguet has revealed an altogether unknown Chénier. He appears in this work exactly as one imagined him. Neither does M. Edmond Biré present us with a new Chateaubriand in 'Les Dernières Années de Chateaubriand.' His book contains no startling revelations on a subject long ago exhausted by the critics, but he sums up excellently all that has been previously said by them. He collects details and documents scattered about in twenty collections of correspondence and memoirs. M. Biré is altogether master of the romantic period. He is an erudite, well-informed, and safe guide. M. Urbain Mengin deals with the same literary epoch in 'L'Italie des Romantiques,' wherein he reviews the influence exerted by Italy on the poets and writers of

the Romantic period, and the manner in which they have sung or depicted it. Italy holds a large place in the work of Musset. M. Mengin, in the course of his study, arrives at this somewhat spiteful conclusion—that the Italy described by Musset under a thousand forms, and whence he derived the material for his most famous productions, had been scarcely seen at all by the author of the 'Nuits.'

M. René Doumic has for once abandoned the past to introduce us in 'Hommes et Idées du XIX^e Siècle' to the world of to-day. M. Doumic seems to have made it his mission to restore to their proper place the wanderers of literature, and to bring down from their pedestals the statues of some great men. The studies devoted by M. Doumic to Barbey d'Aurevilly and to Verlaine must have caused a pang of sorrow to the hearts of their devotees. Verlaine in particular, who has retained so many more or less sincere admirers, is roughly handled. By a somewhat strange coincidence Dr. Max Nordau has recently published, under the title 'Vus du Dehors,' a critical, scientific, and philosophic essay on several contemporary authors, amongst them Verlaine. Dr. Nordau agrees with M. Doumic in declaring that Verlaine's renown is undeserved, or at least little deserved. M. Doumic writes, "Thanks to Verlaine, the almost anonymous treasures of song will be enriched by several romantic and plaintive pieces." M. Nordau says, "It was Verlaine's function in life to give to humanity three or four pieces of poetry." That is all these two critics are willing to accord to him, and I must acknowledge that their severity is more than justified.

I cannot close this review of books of criticism without noticing and praising as they deserve two very dissimilar works. 'Les Écrivains et les Mœurs,' by M. Henry Bordeaux, most delicate and clear-sighted of critics, deals with the most important literary productions of the last few years, while in 'Peintres de Jadis et d'aujourd'hui' M. de Wyzewa brings the soul of an artist to the study of documents and archives, and an erudition which blossoms into poetry.

Under the title 'Frédéric Nietzsche, Contribution à l'Étude des Idées Philosophiques et Sociales à la fin du Dix-neuvième Siècle,' M. Eugène de Roberty has produced a trustworthy scientific work on the doctrine of the German philosopher. It is difficult as yet to pass a complete or decisive judgment on the works of Nietzsche. Perhaps it was M. de Roberty's wish in default of such an attempt to provide, for the benefit of future historians and critics, new elements of information and the witness of a contemporary. He seeks, chiefly, to deduce from an examination of the complex ideas of the celebrated moralist the many lessons which they inculcate. The most novel and interesting part of the book is its penetrating analysis of Nietzsche's social ideas. Nietzsche recognized that to-day no one has the right to regard social questions with indifference. Those who at one time would have spent the whole of their intellectual activity in arduous metaphysical problems now study social science. M. Bouglé, in 'Les Idées Égalitaires,' inquires why such ideas have appeared in Western civilization

and not elsewhere: once, though indistinctly, in the twilight of the ancient world, and once again, more decisively, at the dawn of the new. M. de Lanessan, in 'La Lutte pour l'Existence et l'Évolution des Sociétés,' studies human societies and the evils from which they suffer from the naturalist's point of view, as though he were writing of a species of beings with whom he had no connexion whatever. M. Vandervelde, after having analyzed, in the first part of his book 'L'Exode Rural et le Retour aux Champs,' the phenomena of the rural exodus, deals with the question whether there was not a modicum of truth in the prophecies of Tolstoy, Ruskin, and William Morris, and whether the views of Proudhon, Fourier, and Robert Owen with regard to the reconciliation between industry and agriculture were not prematurely formulated.

Among books of travel I note as being particularly interesting 'Au Pays d'Homère,' by the Baron de Mandat-Grancey, who has found something original to say on an apparently exhausted subject. His book is valuable for its picturesque descriptions and the novelty of its historical conceptions. Ancient and modern Greece, indeed, live again in these pages. M. de Mandat-Grancey tries to reduce many of the facts related in the history of ancient Greece to the proportions of reality and probability. He distinguishes very clearly the legendary portion of that history, and arrives at conclusions which seem to me characterized by excellent sense. M. Albert Bordeaux, in 'Sibérie et Californie,' takes us across Siberia, where he travelled for six months, and Manchuria. Comte Testetich de Tolna has produced in 'Chez les Cannibales' a fine work relating his extremely interesting and curious experiences during an eight years' cruise in the Pacific Ocean.

In the first rank of works dealing with religious questions I must place 'Sainte Hildegarde,' by M. Paul Franche. The author, who is a distinguished writer, has succeeded, in spite of the paucity of information available, in bringing back to life that original character of the Middle Ages. One does not know which to admire most in this work—the erudition of the narrator or his rare talent as a writer. In a new work by the author of 'Le Rayon' we come across all the qualities which charmed us in that book. 'Après la Neuvième Heure' depicts the years which followed the death of Jesus Christ. From somewhat dry material an entrancing work has been produced which embodies the discoveries of modern research.

One observation naturally results from this sketch. It is that, while the literature of to-day in France has lost some of its blind zeal for science, it has not ceased to worship it. Fiction, history, criticism, philosophy, and the drama can no longer be independent of science—in fact, they are not. Even the poet, while allowing greater licence to his imagination, recognizes the idea of the world which modern physics supply. It is not impossible after the experiments made—and the literary review of this year may serve as proof—to formulate a decisive opinion. One of our

most eminent critics, in his appreciation of the conscientious work of M. Robert Fath, 'L'Influence de la Science sur la Littérature Française dans la Seconde Moitié du Dix-neuvième Siècle,' furnishes me with this conclusion. So long as the influence of science is felt in a general and distant kind of way only, it will be beneficial to literature. Science helps to control the imagination, and induces the writer to contract good intellectual habits—precision, severity, and modesty. In other words, the rôle of science in the literature of to-morrow should be analogous to that of reason in an earlier century.

JULES PRAVIEUX.

GERMANY.

THERE appeared last autumn in a Berlin newspaper a series of essays entitled 'Die Verrohung in der Theaterkritik.' They dealt very severely with certain cases in which some few isolated critics had been guilty of discreditable onslaughts and personal animosities. But they went still further; criticism, as such, was made accountable for the present decline in our dramatic production; it was criticism that robbed the "creative artist" of all his energy and freedom, and with its catch-words learnt by rote opposed the natural development of every artistic individuality. It had only itself to blame if the spring, which promised so fairly for German literature in the early nineties, had been followed by no summer and no autumn. The author of these essays was Hermann Sudermann.

It is of little consequence whether these attacks were justified or not; the point to be noted is their significance. They were characteristic of their author, for they showed with terrible clearness that for Sudermann the artist's manifestation of his powers means nothing more than the pursuit of outward success. They showed a man who has been overtaken in the race by more fortunate competitors, who has grown nervous and irritable, and who looks for some external cause to explain his failure. At the same time, however—and this is the point that concerns me here—they gave expression to a general feeling of disenchantment, a deep and universal disappointment. Where, indeed, is that springtime of literature that was thought to have come ten years ago? Who can show the fruits of its blossoms? They are nowhere to be seen. The faith in realism, which was then held up as the only means whereby we might be saved, and from which a literary revival was confidently expected, has now completely vanished. Talents from which great things were looked for have accomplished very little. But it would be unjust to find the reasons for this in any merely external cause, such as the political conditions of Germany or the impertinences of one or two dramatic critics in Berlin! Rather, there was from the beginning a morbid element in this same spring; its blossoms were those of the hothouse. People had talked themselves into a state of universal intoxication; they praised half-performances beyond all measure. And it was the critics who were always ready on the slightest possible occasion to exclaim triumphantly that the rise of German literature, so long desired, was at last an accomplished fact. It is long since

they have sobered down. But there is a peculiar irony in making them responsible now for the non-fulfilment of so many hopes.

Disenchantment is here indeed. But over the few who strive in art to give expression to their inner self it has no power. The year on which I now look back, has not produced a single great and conspicuous work, but it has brought forth fruits of quiet and honest labour.

Three plays meet me at once upon the threshold of my examination—the new works of Hauptmann, Schnitzler, and Wildenbruch. They mark the literary aims and tendencies of the day.

Even in his earlier productions Gerhart Hauptmann showed a leaning towards mysticism, by which he sought to subdue, or at least give depth to, realism. He believed in death as the great power that transfigures life; he cast round the secrets of the dying hour a web of hopeful surmise. In his new play, 'Der arme Heinrich,' this mysticism of death has, one may say, become a mysticism of life. Therein and therefrom must life find its regeneration; in mystic self-absorption the sick man must be made whole. At the same time mysticism claims a place in the action of the play as well; it makes a link in the close-wrought psychological chain. The unfortunate Heinrich, smitten by leprosy, sets out to seek the physician at Salerno, accompanied by the maiden who is ready to sacrifice her heart's blood for his sake. He is cured through her unquestioning faith and cheerful self-sacrifice. Not in the sense in which the miracle takes place in Hartmann von Aue's poem: there the knight repents at the critical moment, overcome with pity for the fair child whose naked body he sees threatened by the surgeon's knife, and so he starts with her upon his homeward journey as ill as when he came, till finally his deed of mercy awakens God's mercy likewise, and he is freed from his disease. In Hauptmann the miracle is not one of Christian faith, but purely psychological; once cured in soul, Heinrich is cured in body, too. How far this might be possible is a question that need not be raised here,—"Märchen noch so wunderbar, Dichterkünste machen's wahr." It is more important to note that Heinrich's companionship with the maiden—the companionship that exerts this healing power upon his soul—is not represented on the stage; we merely get an account of it later. Two sick and ailing travellers (for the maiden is also portrayed as morbid in temperament and subject to hysterical transports) were seen wending their way to Salerno; hale and sound, the same two are seen celebrating their wedding. The miracle of the cure that has been accomplished in the meantime has not been made convincing. Hauptmann has not succeeded in finding the inner unity of style between the realistic opening acts and the mystic final act; there is, too, a disparity between the feelings experienced by his characters and the manner in which these feelings find expression. As a work of art Hauptmann's new drama lacks unity and the power of carrying conviction, but it is rich in strokes of art, and these are lavished most profusely on the character of the young girl just blossoming into maidenhood, and glowing with a martyr's ecstasy. She is an hysterical

little saint, in whom the physiological changes of this period of transition produce strange exaltations, raptures, longings for death, a figure akin to that of Hedwig in Ibsen's 'Wild Duck,' but poetically and touchingly delineated, surrounded by the magic of a sweet and simple piety. Heinrich's character is overshadowed by hers. In his case the spiritual experiences are made far too subordinate to those of the sickness which has struck him down. The disease, in its course of development, actually assumes for him the proportions of a constraining power, and he himself desires the sacrifice of the maiden, which he has just before refused to accept, only because he has grown worse in the meantime. Nor does he show any of the Promethean defiance when, smitten by the plague and isolated from all human society, he rebels against the God whose existence he does not dare to question. He is wanting in greatness. If Hauptmann in his 'Fuhrmann Henschel' was able to invest his figures with a certain grandeur, because there he beheld their fate in the dusk of a mystic destiny, here they shrink and dwindle away in the mysticism of the miracle—their effect is petty. And indeed the impression made by the play as a whole is and remains slight, although much ripe and admirable craftsmanship is to be found in single passages.

Arthur Schnitzler has turned to the world of the Renaissance in his new play, 'Der Schleier der Beatrice'—its appearance, by the way, does not fall within the last twelve months. As on many a previous occasion, he has been forced by the impulse of a personal mood to see himself and the human beings round him reproduced in the figures of that period. The Bologna he describes is held in Cesare Borgia's iron grip; all in the city, the Duke himself included, know that the following day must be their last. When they are face to face with certain death, the desire of life once more flames brightly up. The Duke resolves to summon to his castle the fairest maiden from Bologna's streets, to drain the cup of pleasure yet once more, and then to offer his breast to the foe. That is the background for the figure of Beatrice. She herself is wholly a child of levity and caprice. The joy of life is warm within her; like a butterfly, she flutters from one lover to another. In the arms of the first she longs for the second; under the kisses of the second she desires the first once more, all the while instinctively obeying the promptings of her nature, perpetually faithless, and in her faithlessness conscious of no sin. Poor little Beatrice has no soul. A young poet, however, is destined to love in Beatrice all the attributes with which his imagination has endowed her and which she wholly lacks—to love the soul of a soulless woman. In his passion for her he parts from his betrothed. But when Beatrice, with naïve inconstancy, tells him of a dream in which she has seen herself as the Duke's wife, he repudiates her. The dream comes true; the Duke celebrates his wedding with Beatrice, but she flies from the wedding feast and returns to the poet who has cast her off, resolved to die with him. And then, when death is actually approaching, she quits him yet again and

seeks the Duke. At last the ever-faithless woman meets her death at her brother's hand. All these events are crowded into a single night, and even that is not enough; beside the poet and the Duke there stands another figure, a youth to whom Beatrice is betrothed, and to whom she proves similarly faithless. A profusion of contrasting figures are grouped round the main characters; while Beatrice light-heartedly abandons the Duke, her sister loves him ardently and consumingly; while Beatrice is incapable of dying with her lover the poet, another woman presents herself and dies for him. All this complicates the action to the utmost; indeed, to follow it at all the spectator finds himself continually obliged to consider the psychological processes at work in the minds of the chief personages. Thus we have just the reverse of what is demanded by drama. The action does not serve to show the characters in their true individuality, and we must, on the contrary, study the characters so as to comprehend the action. Naturally all illusion is lost in consequence. We are given psychological analysis of the subtlest possible description, but it is all, as it were, planned out beforehand. The poet in Arthur Schnitzler has not kept pace with the psychologist; he offers the intellect very suggestive thoughts, but the heart remains untouched. One can no doubt form a conception of the world that Schnitzler had in his mind's eye, but, so formed, it lacks all cogency and life.

In Wildenbruch's new play, 'König Laurin,' all the artistic life is concentrated upon a single scene, and this is in keeping with the impetuous manner of the author. The Goths, assembled for a carousal, are celebrating the memory of their king, Theodoric the Great, who has recently died; a young Gothic noble, carried away by his enthusiasm, lifts the king's drinking-cup on high and speaks—not, however, of Theodoric the Great, but of Dietrich of Bern. He has seen Dietrich riding in the morning twilight over the sea, his fist clenched wrathfully against his foe, and behind him Hildebrand, his ancient comrade-in-arms, mounted on a gallant steed. He has seen him wrestling with Laurin, King of the Dwarfs, in the midst of the downtrodden rose-garden, when he robbed him of the cloak of darkness. For Dietrich of Bern is not dead any more than his old antagonist Laurin, the destroyer of all fair men—Laurin, who always reappears upon the earth under a new name, and who reigns even now as—the Emperor Justinian! In this one scene Wildenbruch has found what he wanted, the fusion of history and saga, an opportunity to give his figures an appearance of grandeur. His object was to incorporate the grandeur of princely virtue in Queen Amalasunta and of passion in Justinian. His characterization, however, is entirely spoilt by the action of the play. This Amalasunta, who betakes herself to Justinian, offers him her hand and sovereignty, and by her over-hasty contract bestows her realm upon her powerful rival, strikes me as merely foolish; and this Justinian, whose infatuation for Theodora leads him into impolitic treachery towards Amalasunta, is boyish in the extreme. The tragedy, individual in its conception, ends like a specimen of Sardou's stagecraft.

It is the old trick, formerly only too common in Germany, of amalgamating some catastrophe of the world's history with a love romance, no matter of what kind, that has brought Wildenbruch to grief. And now that realism has lost its power of convincing, it seems as if this old trick were coming to life again. Wilbrandt makes the historic Socrates condemned to death for having rescued his favourite pupil Plato from the dangerous toils in which a certain Timandra holds him fast. In revenge Timandra, from whom the play receives its name, eggs on the enemies and detractors of Socrates to bring him to trial. Too late she repents of her deed and kills herself by drinking from the cup of hemlock. Paul Heyse proceeds in very similar fashion in his 'Maria von Magdala.' The conflict he raises in his heroine's breast reminds one of Victor Hugo's 'Marion Delorme.' The courtesan, who has now expiated the sins of her former life, might save Jesus from being crucified, if only she would grant an influential Roman access to her chamber; but she refuses to do so in the consciousness that unrighteous means must needs be abhorrent to Him who is righteousness itself. But the conflict, as such, seems an impossible one. It is a degradation of history to combine it with motives of such a kind. And so, though the plays of Wildenbruch, Wilbrandt, and Heyse contain many isolated passages of artistic beauty, they all fail to satisfy that clearer conception of history which teaches us the inherent necessity of world catastrophes.

Accordingly the artists of the younger generation have, in their treatment of historical subjects, generally set up other marks at which to aim. I have already indicated in what spirit such an author as Schnitzler has approached history; he was inspired by an intimate fellow-feeling with men of a bygone age. But sentiments of a nature more or less opposed to this are also much in evidence—the delighted contemplation of a patriarchal life with all its limitations and restrictions, the longing for the peace of a serene and leisurely age. Dreyer in his farce 'Das Thal des Lebens' makes fun of the conditions current in a petty state in Germany. He appeals boldly, but in no unwholesome spirit, to the senses, characterizes with a few lifelike strokes this or that personage in the train of His Serene Highness, and makes many excellent sallies of wit. But he has worked out his happy conception far too broadly; there is something didactic in the manner in which he presents his views, and in the end his satire loses its point. Ludwig Thoma has been much more successful in his farce 'Die Lokalbahn.' He describes with much humour how the opposition party in a little provincial town flares up against the establishment of a local line proposed by Government, and how its ardour is quenched immediately after by the timidity and uneasiness of the provincials. He, too, draws his characters in broad lines, his manner is that of the wood engraver; but his work has style, and underneath the satire may be traced that longing of which I spoke—the longing of the jaded dweller in the city for the narrow and restricted life at which he laughs.

Thus we see that subjectivism has made

its way in drama also. The desire of suggesting a spiritual atmosphere has come imperiously to the front. If the plays of Hauptmann, Schnitzler, and Wildenbruch are not mature and finished works of art, still the personal note is never absent; the authors appear in their true individuality, and that, it seems to me, is the essential point. The drama that appeals solely by its accessories has had its day, and only a few stragglers of the species still survive. Max Bernstein's 'D' Mali,' though the environment of the piece is carefully drawn and the figure of the seduced girl cleverly enough worked into it, struck one even on its first appearance as out of date. And in 'Der Heerohme,' which combines a tragic seduction with the breaking of a vow made by a young Catholic priest, Josef Lauff has vainly attempted to raise melodrama to the dignity of domestic tragedy; an inflated and hollow pathos takes the place of genuine fire and feeling. This type of play proved more successful when it aimed at humorous effects, as, for instance, in Dörmann's 'Ledige Leute'; here we have characters faithfully sketched from actual life and really humorous, but unfortunately Dörmann has offended by an immoral and unpleasantly flippant solution of the dramatic problem. Otto Ernst, in his comedy 'Gerechtigkeit,' which describes the doings of a set of rowdy journalists, obtained the usual stage effects offered by such a subject; while Ludwig Fulda's comedy 'Kaltwasser,' the scene of which is laid in an establishment for the cold-water cure, made no impression. Curiously enough L'Arronge chose a similar setting for his comedy 'Sanatorium Siebenberg,' also with negative success. In a different fashion from Otto Ernst, though as unscrupulously, Felix Philippi, in his play 'Das dunkle Thor,' made use of scenes and surroundings from which crude and violent stage effects might be obtained. With literature, in the more restricted sense of the word, all these pieces have just as little to do as, let us say, Blumenthal's 'Der blonde Passagier.' The public needs entertainment and accepts it where it is to be found, without picking and choosing. To-morrow, to be sure, it will break the playthings of to-day in pieces.

The drama of popular life seems to be reviving once more. Vienna has always been its true home, and the writers who come before us now—not, perhaps, with great achievements, but at least with notable advances in that direction—are still of the Austrian school. I may mention Josef Werkmann's 'Der Kreuzwegstürmer.' The vigorously drawn figure of an impoverished peasant, at war with himself and God, stands in the centre of the piece. We admire the daring lines of its composition, yet we can sympathize also with this man, whose hatred of affected piety impels him to snatch up a stick and smite the figures on the Mount of Calvary. No doubt there are plenty of sentimental passages in the play, but many scenes are deeply interesting and affecting. A religious theme is handled again in Karl Schönherr's drama of popular life, 'Sonnwendtag,' where a peasant's son fights hard in his determination to enter the Church, then obeys his inward conviction and breaks the promise he has made to his old mother, and finally

falls by the hand of his enraged and passionate brother. Schönherr has not managed to bring out the motives clearly; he fails to develope them from the personality of the actors; but his characters have distinct features, the dialogue is lively, and a fresh and youthful air pervades the piece. Something, at least, of the traditions derived from Anzengruber seems still alive in Vienna. It is otherwise in Berlin. 'Im Hinterhause' is the title of a play by Ernst Prezzang, who five years ago was himself working as a compositor in a printer's office. In this production he follows the earlier methods of realism very closely. He shows an inclination to caricature, but none the less he manages to create one or two thoroughly lifelike and convincing characters. Emphasis is laid upon the environment of the play, and the Socialistic tendency of the author is very marked; but there is nothing unpleasant in his manner of presenting it. In spite of this, however, his play can claim only a class interest, whereas the drama of popular life as treated by the Viennese school suggests hopes of literary achievement in the future.

In lyric production, likewise, that school stands at present in the van, apart from the fact that Arthur Schnitzler, though he has hitherto published no poems, has influenced modern lyric verse very deeply by his style and temperament. I may here refer to M. E. delle Grazie, herself a daughter of Vienna, whose physiognomy bears quite the Viennese stamp. Her volume of 'Poems'—now published in a new edition—has achieved considerable success, and it must certainly be admitted that her command of lyric expression is unusual. Her technique, in fact, verges upon *bravura*. Her language is figurative, her style deeply passionate. All means stand at her disposal, her palette affords her the brightest colours, and she is able to make her own personality interesting. Yet, when all is said and done, she lacks artistic individuality. She is able to call up certain moods, but they find no response in the reader; never, or at least very rarely, does she touch the heart. Hugo Salus, of Prague, is superior to her in every respect, as his latest volume of poems, 'Ernte,' proves. His is a much stronger individuality—a richer and more original nature. He coins words that we find it hard to forget, and his rhythms repeat themselves upon our lips. There is nothing simple in his manner; he affects the artificial form, and tries to write in pictures; but he is capable of resolving the most complicated emotions into a full, pure note. He can write successful songs of childhood; at times, too, he employs the language of the fairy tale naturally. When we lay his poems aside we know what his world is like and how he adjusts himself in it. He surpasses the poets of the Viennese school, who merely produce special effects, for the man himself is present behind his work. He may be regarded as one of the most characteristic representatives of the group of younger lyrists.

Compared with M. E. delle Grazie the North-German Agnes Miegel strikes one as plain—almost harsh. She rejects all intentional ornament; all conscious exhibition of feeling is foreign to her. She expresses herself simply, but there is an undercurrent of

strong, deep passion beneath her unaffected diction. There is something spirited and resolute in her manner, but she has no lack of genuine feeling; many of her poems remind one of Storm. She compels the reader to share the experiences of her inner life; but her muse is not confined within the narrow limits of self-centred verse. Indeed, she is perhaps at her best in the ballad, where she displays a remarkable faculty of rhythm and composition. Young as she is, her poems already have a certain firmness and maturity.

'Ein Wintertagebuch' is the title given by Paul Heyse to his latest collection of poems, and it really is a sort of diary. It is like the note-book in which an old man jots down the quiet impressions of a retired life. He gives a delightful description of his villa on the Garda Lake and its surroundings. Small occurrences of domestic life are gracefully recorded; the little dog that accompanies the wanderer on his solitary rambles receives kindly mention more than once. At times the memories of youth are stirred. The song his mother sang in the days of childhood sounds once more in the old man's ear. We see a fresh leaf or two laid upon the graves of departed friends, and the poet's constant love for his wife and best companion continually seeking expression. These verses do not affect us in the first instance as poems; we enjoy them rather as notes and memoranda, which display the author's strong and manly personality in its full maturity.

Much the same may be said of Heyse's new 'Novellen vom Gardasee.' His capacity for producing direct effects is gone; his craftsman's hand no longer obeys him with absolute certainty. He has declined grievously in power of composition, but he still retains his psychological cunning, he still finds the intrinsically right and necessary solution of his problems. And a strong personal strain, helped by his charming sketches of the familiar Garda Lake surroundings, gives freshness to his tales. They, too, impress one as a private record might; they, too, are leaves from the diary of a novelist.

Although her seventieth birthday fell some years ago, how young Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach has remained compared with the aged Heyse! The scene of her new novel 'Agave' is also laid in Italy; but the figures she portrays stand out firmly and distinctly, and her art is still wholly subjective. Here, too—and this is a new trait in her—the history of spiritual experience is penetrated by an ardent glow of passion, which determines the workings of fate. Her story centres round a pupil of Masaccio, whose life is a perpetual struggle to conquer art and win the woman he loves. But the youth—who has shown rare skill as a potter, and in whose designs Masaccio has recognized talent of an unusual order—is denied the gift of art in its higher form, and the impetuous, madly jealous wooer is denied his love. With wonderful power Marie Ebner describes how the unhappy youth succeeds in one picture, into which he paints all his love and all his hate, and which he then wantonly destroys with his own hand. As a potter he began, and as a potter he ends. He and the girl he loves are led wandering through mazes of life

and sentiment; they suffer shame and dis-honour, but repentance takes them by the hand at last and gives them its benediction. They have been shipwrecked and cast apart, but they find each other in the end. And if Marie Ebner cannot depict Italian passion with such intimate knowledge and sympathy as she has depicted German life and character, yet in the *dénouement*, with its enveloping atmosphere of resignation, her master hand shows all its cunning. All ornament is dispensed with; the souls appear before us in the destiny appointed them by Heaven.

I find two other works of fiction characteristic of the older generation and its art—Hans Hoffmann's book of sketches, 'Von Haff und Hafen,' and Rudolf Lindau's novel 'Ein unglückliches Volk.' Both display qualities that make one think of English rather than of German authors. Hans Hoffmann has humour. As the word itself is a borrowed one in our language, so humourists with us have always been few and far between. Hoffmann, however, lives in this hybrid world of light and shade. He can be perfectly serious, and he can also be broadly comic; but the really distinctive note of his work is that deep and individual conception which unites both those qualities to form a third—humour. Whatever he describes he first makes entirely his own; it would be impossible to eliminate the personal element from these sketches, thrown off though they are with such apparent ease. It is a different matter with Rudolf Lindau, whose style is marked by the calmest subjectivity, by the complete absence of his own personality. When two expressions stand at his disposal, he will purposely choose the more colourless, the conventional one. His characters show the Anglo-Saxon reserve, the dislike to betraying their own feelings in any way, the obvious desire to penetrate as little as may be into the feelings of others. And the desperate struggle of the Armenian people is the subject chosen by Lindau for such frigid treatment! It might have been observed with the eyes of a cool diplomatist; there is no trace of sentiment or partiality. Rights and wrongs are scrupulously weighed; the reader must be saved from every hasty judgment. Naturally such a method does not transport readers into the thick of the events; the literary interest is stronger than the human, and we remark indifferently that the "style" is very good.

The writers of the younger generation have also plenty of style, but it appears less obtrusively in their narrative than in their lyric productions.

After her great success of last year Ricarda Huch's new novel, 'Vita Somnium Breve,' does not impress me favourably. That power of spiritualizing events, of transfiguring common things, which, as a rule, pre-eminently distinguishes her, has failed her in this case. There is a want of harmony between the world she portrays and her manner of portraying it; it is as though one were to dress a sorry skeleton in gorgeous robes. The reader finds himself constantly swept from one emotion to another; he has no firm ground beneath his feet, his soul finds no place where it can rest. It almost seems as if some feeble imitator had copied Ricarda Huch. Once

she could lay bare the souls of men stunted and deformed in the wear and tear of life, and make us recognize what their Creator had designed in them; here we find uninteresting, insignificant people docketed with long labels, that supply much information about them in high-flown language—very pretty, no doubt, but wide of the mark. Even the characterization is thin and the plot inadequate. The story centres round a man who breaks off all family ties, and devotes himself unreservedly to the woman he loves and to his intellectual pursuits; after a number of years a feeling of compassion for his son recalls him to the old servitude—"vita somnium breve." But why the dream should be so short—how it should be possible for this man, with his utter want of consideration for others, to show himself so fettered on a sudden—it is difficult to comprehend.

Heinrich Mann's cycle of romances entitled 'Die Göttingen, oder die drei Romane der Herzogin von Assy,' equally lacks a firm and solid framework; flesh there is in plenty, but very little bone. Mann affects the style of D'Annunzio; he rides a fiery steed in pursuit of beauty; he fashions a world brilliant with rose-blossoms and the charms of lovely women, heaps together all enjoyments and delights, savours every passion, and revels in sensual raptures; but this world of his crumbles all to pieces, for the shaping power that should give it permanence is wholly wanting.

In the works of the younger writers, by whom the course of literature is ultimately determined, psychological interest takes the foremost place. Perhaps French influence is, after all, stronger than we are generally willing to admit. Arthur Schnitzler's 'Reigen' is from beginning to end a contribution to the psychology of temperament. It is an exceedingly subtle and exceptionally daring book. He describes various Viennese types in the act of satisfying the desires of love. All veils are lifted, Schnitzler is wholly without reserve, but it must be added that he shows no trace of prurience. The characterization is astonishingly keen, the analysis of the emotions almost maliciously exact. But Schnitzler, by looking down upon his characters from a higher platform and observing them strictly from the artistic standpoint, gives his investigation the charm of an easy and assured mastery, and so makes his 'Reigen' of real poetic value. In Lou Andreas-Salomé's volume of stories, 'Im Zwischenland,' the psychology takes on a touch of philosophical suggestiveness. She describes the transition from girlhood to maidenhood, the awaking of conscious life, with great sympathy and understanding. Bitter experiences stand upon the threshold that leads from childhood to the cold realm where adults dwell. But Lou Andreas has comfort none the less for her poor, timorous souls. For she herself has a comprehension of life, and so can make it comprehensible—and that is as much as to say durable—to the beings she creates. In the case of Georg Hirschfeld, again, the psychology is apt to become mysticism—though mysticism of a tender, lyric type. Norwegian influence is apparent, and it is not by chance that the heroine of the story 'Freundschaft' comes from Norway. Together with the world of reality Hirsch-

feld requires a realm of shadowy surmise; only there can he bring his characters to peace. But the merit of the tale does not consist in this vague mysticism of his—rather in the subtle psychology with which he lays bare the souls of the man and the woman, whose friendship flames up into love, and whose love, though speedily extinguished, yet lives on as friendship.

In the hands of younger writers the novel, while still preserving its psychological interest, presents at the same time a picture of social conditions. 'Der Uebergang' is the title of J. J. David's new work, which deals with the transition at present taking place in the suburbs of Vienna. These suburbs, which were for hundreds of years centres of patriarchal industry, have now become portions of the actual city, have been swept into the whirl of modern competition, and are greatly changed to view. Still, however, the grandsons and great-grandsons of ancient families dwell on the same spot, cling to the old traditions, and look down contemptuously on the mushroom competitors of to-day. But they have forgotten how to work, they are unequal to the demands of modern life, and so they squander the wealth gathered by their ancestors. David sets before us in firm outlines the typical fate of such a family. In the decisive scene of the novel the grandson, ruined by dissipation, stands with drawn weapon before his aged grandmother, who represents, as it were, the conscience of the family. He has come to ask for money, but she refuses to give it, and he is carried away by his fury. He does not actually murder her, for the fright alone is sufficient to kill her. That same night, however, he is himself slain in one of his dissolute haunts, and with him perishes his father, a man long since incapable of work, who has brought up his son to shun all honest labour. Thus justice is performed upon the male members of the family. But the daughters rouse themselves to new activity. The one marries a common working-man of good character, and devotes herself to the duties of her narrow sphere; while the thirst of knowledge and desire for an active life send the other out into the world. The picture drawn by David is altogether typical, and therein consists the value of his novel as a study of social conditions; but every detail bears witness to the shaping hand of the artist who can exhibit living men and women, and the whole book breathes a manly spirit that accepts the realities of life without glossing them over, and yet finds solace in these same realities.

Ilse Frapan's new novel, 'Arbeit,' has much in common with David's book; it shows the same truth to actual life, the same inexorable sincerity. But if David's manner is hard, Ilse Frapan does not shrink even from brutalities to heighten the force of her description. The story centres round a doctor's wife, whose whole happiness in life has been wrecked, for her husband has been convicted of immorality and sent to a house of correction. She seeks comfort in work; she begins to study medicine, passes her examinations, and makes a name and position for herself as a doctor. The story of how she overcomes all difficulties is told with extraordinary verve. The psychological analysis reaches its climax when the

husband returns, after the term of his sentence is over, completely enervated and brutalized, when he haunts her path, eager to fall upon her, and when finally she sees her son go the same way as his father. Ilse Frapan has had the courage to descend into the deepest and darkest places and to illuminate them. But that is not the chief distinction of the book. What gives it its peculiar charm is the revelation of a high-minded woman's feelings when she is forced to adopt a man's profession and mode of life. She looks upon the world that we all know with other eyes than ours. The little rudenesses of every day pain her deeply; she is revolted by all the injustice sanctioned by convention; the manifold suffering of wretched, outcast beings, whose cries we no longer hear because they have sounded in our ears so long, excites her to active pity. She knows nothing of the scepticism that makes even the best men indolent and inert; she does not allow custom and convention to exercise their spells upon her; her profession does not rob her of her humanity. The faith by which she is inspired seems unlimited in its power. The impression suggested is that if this is the type of the modern woman who devotes herself to study, then modern society must eventually change through the influence of such natures. One day they will appear, these ministering women, to aid the down-trodden and oppressed, and then this old world of ours will surely grow young once more. It is a fact worth pondering that a woman should be able to envelope her own sex in a power of faith so strong that the knowledge of all dark sides of life only heightens the consciousness of purity. It is a great advance that the heroine makes in her spiritual progress. She took to work only as a means of numbing pain, but she finds it a power by which she herself is strengthened and through which she strengthens others. Though on the surface admirably calm and dispassionate in style, Ilse Frapan's new book is inwardly inspired with deep and ardent emotion.

A comparison taken from Ibsen's 'Master-builder' might be applied to the literature of this year. No church spires have been erected, nor yet have fancy and desire reared any daring castles in the air; but none the less have we built homesteads where men can dwell—homesteads with nurseries in them.

ERNST HEILBORN.

HOLLAND.

THE year has been most prolific both in promise and performance. Such healthy and vigorous books have not appeared for a long time. So varied are the ways of expression current among the writers of to-day that the complaint has been heard that they are a divided army, obeying no sovereign command. They are indeed; there has never been more diversity, and even antagonism of groups and personalities. But this only shows the strong individualism which everywhere abounds. We are not in a period of "schools"; imitation is what our writers most abhor.

It has been said that the power of the old Dutch masters was that of Wordsworth. They saw the beauty of common things.

In this the artists of to-day—Josef Israëls, the Maris brothers, Breitner, and others—are their true offspring, and I find the same characteristics in nearly all our present writers. The strongest by far is the painter and man of letters J. van Looy, whose 'Feesten' dwells on such humble topics as a party in a workman's cottage, fireworks, and popular amusements in the slums. The author's vision is so intense, so gorgeous is his colouring, so painstaking and conscientious is his work, that he creates a lasting impression of extreme beauty in common, even trite events and situations. His impressions are unsurpassed, though Stijn Streuvels comes very near to him, and goes more directly into the heart of things, while Van Looy lingers over the external beauty of which he is enamoured. Streuvels, too, takes his subjects from low life. The sick cow of a peasant; a workman's anniversary; a first communion: such are his topics in 'Dagen' and 'Werk.' His peasants and working people embody the general human properties of love and hatred, hope and fear, joy and despondency; and in his last great work, 'Langs de Wegen,' the story of a simple and lonely labourer who is everywhere elbowed out by a harsh world, we are prone to see man's mysterious pilgrimage through an eternity which he does not understand. Remarkably sober are the means with which a thrilling effect is produced. In this there is much affinity between Streuvels and Frans Coenen, largely as they may differ in temperament. The latter's 'Zondagsrust' is little more than the account of a rainy Sunday passed by a family of three members. Nothing startling happens that day, and there is no special trouble or grief. The man, the woman, and the child only vex themselves and quarrel a little. Yet this tale of mental misery gives one a thrill. The ugly little flat where time is killed and life is murdered seems a veritable part of hell.

Johan de Meester's 'Geertje,' which is being continued in the *Nieuwe Gids*, contains scenes of no less realistic force. Though he is also a pessimist, his view of life is not so hopeless as Coenen's. In 'Allerlei Menschen' he is decidedly in a lighter vein. It is characteristic of the advance which literary education is making that De Meester, who is the critic of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* (the principal daily paper), should have joined the editorial staff of the *Nieuwe Gids* without causing much surprise; that M. Brusse, the writer of a realistic story called 'Boefje'—a bright and already very popular tale of a street arab—should be a prominent contributor to the same paper; and that Heyermans, a realist of much more outspoken character, should be, week by week, writing sketches in the *Handelsblad*, a periodical which in the beginning never found words enough to condemn the generation of 1880. Again, it is no less significant that Miss Anna de Savornin Lohman, who in her interesting studies of women in literature professes rather revolutionary convictions, was offered the editorship of the *Hollandsche Lelie* (*Dutch Lily*), a girls' paper as weak as its name. This change is only one of many evidences of the new spirit now prevalent. There is growing up a refreshing objection to the conventional, to old paths and

patterns. If the opposite of the saying that "tout peuple satisfait est bien près de mourir" is true, we are certainly at the eve of a real renaissance which finds its expression in minor poets and other writers too. Haspels's 'Zee en Heide,' a volume of stories as bright and invigorating as a sea breeze, and Canter's 'Een Droemer ter Haringvanger' dwell on the same topic: the world's satiety moves a young man of good standing and learning voluntarily to share the hardships and dangers of life in a fishing smack. The pangs of despised love might have had something to do with one case, but of both men it is said with truth that they loathed comfort, they desired enterprise. It is, of course, one thing to reform one's life in this way, and another thus to bring about a literary revival. This is what the Flemish poet Victor de Meyere tries to do with his play 'Gunlaug en Helga.' "Higher still and higher," he exclaims, "our nation must rise, embracing life in all its ramifications." This, however, is easier said than done, and 'Gunlaug,' though it has many good qualities, turned out to be rather an obsolete remnant of the romantic period. Most of these ambitious attempts end in failure, or something very near it. Like De Meyere, Jeanne Reyneke van Stuwe, in her 'Loop der Dingen,' promises to render life in its whole extent, but she has only produced one more uninteresting book. Again, Marie Marx-Koning, with her philosophizing flowers, 'Het Violtje dat weten Wilde,' Van Eckeren in 'De Stem die Verklonk' ('The Voice of God'), and Ina Boudier-Bakker in 'Machten' ('Powers') attempt to grasp subjects which manifestly are beyond their reach. Much better, because much more simple, is Ina Boudier's 'Verleden' ('Past'), a short dramatic sketch which won great success this last winter. The only novel in which a comprehensive plan is elaborated by a firm hand is Louis Couperus's 'Boeken der kleine Zielen.' Last year I just mentioned the vast scheme of this book, two new volumes of which, 'Zielenschemering' and 'Het Heilige Weten,' have appeared. Here we meet with a woman who grows wearied of "society." When Constance implores her influential brother-in-law, the minister Van Naghel, to invite her to one of his official dinner parties in order to rehabilitate her in the eyes of the world, and to give her son a start in life, she suddenly becomes aware of the utter futility of her aspirations. She does not resort to suicide, as a French heroine might, but reforms her life and finds worthier ideals. This delayed life is not what it might have been had she possessed what the author calls "holy knowledge," i.e., had she known the secret motives of her desires and doings. A new generation will be more fortunate in this respect. Her son the psychologist is the only one who is able to grasp the difficult problems which the decay of the Von Lowe family brings about. However, his happiness, too, is wrecked because he, who "knew" so well on behalf of others, did not "know" for himself. In fact, it is the old theme of self-knowledge on which 'Het Heilige Weten' dwells, but the interest is enhanced by the able way in which the author has introduced it into twentieth-century surroundings. The

nothingness of so-called "high life," the pitiable results of the want of ideals, the terrible waste of talents, are forcibly insisted on. The 'Boeken' would remind one of 'Vanity Fair,' except that it lacks Thackeray's sarcasm. Humorous, again, it is only up to a certain point. The characters of Van der Welcke and Paul are tragic-comic on account of their idiosyncrasies and childishness. I do not think that the part which "second sight" plays in this work adds much to its merit. Another book by Couperus, 'Over lichtende Drempele,' which deals entirely with metaphysical topics, is not much more than a literary curiosity.

I note good conscientious work in 'Beproeften,' by T. Eigenhuis, a strong and quiet study of rural life; 'Rapsodie,' by J. Tersteeg; 'Samenleving,' by J. Everts; and Arie van Veen's 'Domineesvrouw,' which contains some excellent pages, though the title is rather misleading. The naughty heroine of this novel is not, I believe, the true type of a vicar's wife. 'Dertig Zilverlingen,' by A. van Sprinkhuysen, has been well received on the stage. Bram van Dort's 'Mlle. Celine,' 'Mammon,' by Anna van Gogh-Kaulbach, and 'Ontwaakt,' by Stefanotes, deal with the hardships of the unmarried woman, and though they cannot exactly rank as artistic literature, may appreciably strengthen the forces of social regeneration at work. This is what the poetess Mrs. Roland Holst also attempts to do in 'Nieuwe Geboort,' a political glorification of Socialism. Two fine works by women are 'In Mineur,' by Top Naeff, which dwells on the broken life of female teachers in dreary country places, and 'Ernst,' by the poetess Lapidoth Swarth, an outpouring of exquisite feeling. It is only with perfect purity and truth that these delicate topics of love and misunderstanding can be handled. The slightest affectation would make the instrument strike a false note. What can I say, then, of 'Leliane,' by Henri Borel, a thoroughly improbable story of an impossible young man? The author calls it a "fairy tale," evidently only to make it acceptable.

Of some interest to Englishmen should be a little book by L. Simons, 'Studies over Vondel's Gysbrecht en over Nationaal Leven,' which contains two very noteworthy essays on 'Perfide Albion?' and 'Dutch and English.' Making a certain allowance for the author's nationality, I consider his observations on England and the English singularly unbiased, pungent, and original. They show much knowledge of English life, national character, and literature.

An event is the publication of Albert Verwey's 'Leven van Potgieter.' According to the author, the biographer of an admirable predecessor should "pour out the life which he has begot within us." He should show "how Eternity has manifested herself in his life, how his Time has lived in him and around him." Verwey has been rigorously true to this principle, which, indeed, marks the end of the dry-as-dust period as well as that of quasi-historical fiction. This part of literature, too, has been imbued with a new spirit, well shown in Verwey's manly prose.

H. S. M. VAN WICKEVOORT CROMMELIN.

HUNGARY.

FICTION, already last year at a low ebb, has continued so during the past twelve-month. There are scarcely any really first-rate productions to be noticed, although some good ones have seen the light. Mór Jókai, our oldest man of letters, has brought out, after a few years' silence, an interesting novel entitled 'Our Pole,' by which title he means a Polish Jew who is a half-legendary conqueror of hearts from the time of the Hungarian struggle for liberty. After a thrilling love affair with a proud and beautiful noblewoman, this man comes to a sad end. He sacrifices love and life to his faith. The background of the story is romantic, humorous, and well constructed. A new man, Lajos Beck, has presented us with 'Ideals,' a political novel. In view of the well-known inclinations of my countrymen towards politics, the rarity of the political novel in our literature is a strange thing—the more so as historical fiction is much in vogue. In politics and Socialism Beck's views appear to be wise, clear, and mature. From the literary point of view, too, he deserves high praise. His good taste prevents him from exaggerating and distorting things. His "ideals" are—in political life, unselfishness; in social life, tolerance, amalgamation, and the recognition of culture and education as the criterion of a man's worth. To a comparatively rare genre belongs István Bárszky's 'The King of Beasts at Large'—a genre in which this writer has already been variously represented, though on a smaller scale, in some of his former books noticed by me in this place: the animal story. He calls his new volume a "fantastic animal novel"; but he is far from being an imitator of Kipling, for, apart from the great differences of literary individuality in the two writers, Bárszky had published several volumes of animal stories before the author of the 'Jungle Book' had done so. This classic among Hungarian word-painters of nature has just issued another brilliant book, 'Field and Forest,' containing a number of delightful stories of eagles, foxes, badgers, and other animals.

Nowadays our most widely read writer is Ferencz Herczeg. He is probably also the most prolific. His latest novel, 'Andrew and Andor,' is an extremely ironical and satirical picture of contemporary Budapest society, an elegant and charming description of certain aspects of Hungarian journalism. In composition it may not be regular, but the dialogue is highly spirited and the characterization excellent. Herczeg's newest play, too, is of a satirical turn. It is entitled 'Manus Manum Lavat,' and attacks nepotism, an evil terribly prominent in this country. This successful comedy exhibits many new sides of a brilliant, but somewhat frequently treated subject. An even greater success was scored by Victor Tardos with his grand tragedy 'Nero's Mother,' which, though his very first work, ranks higher than any Hungarian play performed for many years. One of our leading critics sees in Tardos a kind of Shakespeare, and another says that he is no longer a painter of stage decorations and frescoes, but a full-fledged dramatist, who has come to stay and produce "extra-

ordinary" things in future. His is a powerful talent, but he errs on the side of characterization by drawing Nero too small and some secondary personages too big.

As regards the short story, three volumes deserve to be mentioned: Dezsö Malonyay's 'Her Excellency Kitty,' a dozen of truly charming tales and sketches; a first attempt by Henrik Honti, a book of 'Love Stories,' distinguished by homely and unpretentious charm; and József Hevesi's slight, but amusing and very brisk 'The Pigeons of St. Mark's: Tales from Venice.' One of our most notable story-writers, Victor Rákosi, some of whose humorous books I have had occasion to notice in former years, has issued the first eight volumes of a sixteen-volume edition of his 'Collected Works.' He is extremely popular as a humourist, but some of his writings in these volumes prove him to be just as good as a purveyor of serious fiction; this is particularly true of the novels entitled 'Mute Bells' and 'Burst Crosses.' Of the humorous things in the collection, 'Paul Galambos's Merry Diary' is probably the best. Rákosi, who is generally known under his pseudonym of 'Sipulus,' has the honour of being called "the Hungarian Mark Twain," but wrongly, for his *genre* is a strictly Magyar one, and then, very good as he is, Mark Twain is infinitely superior to him.

In poetry the year's output is somewhat richer than it has been for a long time. The greater poets have been utterly silent, but some of the later generation have done laudable work, a young lady above all—Renée Erdős in her 'Verses,' which are, perhaps, a little too "modern," but full of true love, true psychology, and true poetry, so much so that a great literary future is predicted for her. Sándor Feleki has come forward with 'Shadows and Rays,' a second volume of his excellent verse. In the matter of form this publication is a trifle behind his 'Wandering Clouds'; as regards thoughtfulness, however, it marks a decided advance. In the sections entitled 'Earth,' 'Life,' 'Shadows,' and 'Malvina' there is surprising richness of poetic sentiment and thought. A new man is Miklós Balla, the author of 'Poems,' a collection of many songs, *genre* pictures, descriptions of nature and travel, &c., not wanting either in genuine feeling or poetic forms. Alternately warm and deep, grave and gay, Balla's poetry is rich in natural expressions of the whole range of human sentiments.

Speaking of poetry, I must mention Gustav Heinrich's essay on 'Ossian's Songs.' He makes a new Hungarian translation of these the occasion for an able discussion of the old Ossian problem from all its aspects, displaying his well-known conscientiousness of research. He also gives an analysis of all the Hungarian translations of Ossian ever published. Another publication of Prof. Heinrich's, and one of greater importance, a five-volume 'History of the World's Literature,' has just been begun. The first volume, dealing with Greek and Oriental literature, and edited by Prof. Goldzher, has been issued in a most sumptuous style. The idea of this comprehensive undertaking is "thorough but attractive treatment," and if the whole work keeps up to the textual and artistic standard of the first volume, which

is ornamented by 238 illustrations and 40 full-page pictures, Hungary will be able to boast of a monumental literary history such as no other country yet possesses.

In the field of history proper, which for many years has been the strongest side of our literature, I have to notice a few good books of interest. On the occasion of the centenary of Kossuth the ninth volume of his collected 'Writings' was given to the world by his son Ferencz. It contains chiefly letters, which show anew the astonishing versatility and universality of this great mind, and a remarkable study of Andrassy's Oriental policy. One more volume, to be printed soon, will conclude the series. Another ten-volume work has lately been completed, some of the former volumes of which I have mentioned in these columns—Prof. Marczali's 'Great Illustrated Universal History,' dealing with the nineteenth century. The writer's character-sketch of Napoleon is among the very best things ever written on the famous Imperial adventurer. Ignácz Acsády has produced a surprisingly good 'History of the Magyar Empire' on a very big scale, and with abundance of splendid illustrations. His style is clear and easy, the arrangement of his materials masterly, and the depth of his research beyond question. The book is by far the most noteworthy of the numerous histories of our country.

A very interesting volume, 'The Philosophy of Life,' has just been published by József Fekete. Not that it is faultless, or that I approve of the views propounded in it, for there is much of mistiness and generalization in it; but it also contains much that is noteworthy, and as a whole is decidedly meritorious. The most important book of the year in social economy was Mór Gelléri's 'Social Questions of the Day,' a comprehensive work dealing with three vital topics on which this reformer is probably our leading authority—viz., 'The Problem of the Unemployed,' 'Labour Representation,' and 'Labourers' Institutions.' Here over 600 pages are packed full of useful information, observation, and practical suggestions for the application of foreign experiences to Hungarian conditions of labour.

LEOPOLD KATSCHER.

ITALY.

If I were asked what were the subjects that this year have occupied public attention in Italy, that have furnished matter for daily conversation and even for daily gossip, and over which hectolitres of ink and several cubic metres of breath have been consumed, I should at once say that the topics were the defunct Campanile of Venice and the Marconi telegraph—Marconi even more than his apparatus. These two matters have put in a secondary position all others, even political events, and it is therefore natural that little or no attention has been paid to the books that have seen the light, the more so as this year the output is not of extraordinary importance, and we lack the outstanding work that rivets the attention of every one and constitutes the real literary event.

In this connexion I heartily commiserate those who may have to write the history of

Italian literature during the opening years of this century. They will find themselves confronted by an output so abundant, but at the same time so uniform, that few works will stand out, owing either to their form or to their contents, whilst of the mass the output itself, as much from the form as from the substance, is worthy of observation. It is a fact that during this last period great progress has been made. Whilst at first, by the side of works of excellence, due to a few writers of taste and of refinement, there sprang up laughable or pitiable literary abortions, now, if, indeed, notable works are lacking, those also are scarce that excite contempt and disgust. I remember that twenty or twenty-five years ago, among the crowd of Elzevirs that the Bolognese publisher Nicola Zanichelli presented to the public, the product of juvenility betrayed itself by extravagances, by unpardonable errors of form, by mistakes in syntax and prosody. Thus the language in which the romances, the novels, the dramas, the comedies, the newspapers—with noble exceptions—were written was full of gallicisms and barbarisms. He that wrote as he spoke wrote badly, because he spoke worse; he that employed the literary language fell into pedantry and academicism, imitating from the classics the decadent portion—outworn phrases that appeared rare elegances. Pietro Fanfani, and with him the imitators of the famous Tuscan poet Giuseppe Giusti, preached and recommended the language of common use, collecting, like precious gems, all the slang of the Tuscan and Florentine vernacular. In fact, the opposite of an academic style was created, and from one excess writers fell into another. These extravagances were, however, also of some service—namely, in clearing the air, in banishing pedantry, in giving a little life and movement to the pen. The spoken language was mingled with the written, and from that fusion arose the language and style that are to-day employed by persons of culture, who avoid equally academic pedantry and vulgar slovenliness. Nowadays, it is encouraging to affirm, even our daily political newspapers—as regards parliamentary speeches and the acts of the Government—and text-books of the schools are written in a fitting manner, with a form which, if not elegant, is at least clear, precise, and flowing—in a word, they are written in Italian.

For this great progress in general culture it is our duty to award the merit to the secondary schools and to the university teaching that has prepared a legion of professors, as modest and hard-working as they are excellent. The Italian school—restored forty years ago by Francesco de Sanctis, Giosuè Carducci, and Alessandro d'Ancona, reinforced by brave spirits like Adolfo Bartoli, Pio Rajna, Arturo Graf, and Bonaventura Zumbini—now boasts in every university and high school excellent and active masters, under whose discipline are formed the young teachers of the *lycées* and the secondary institutes, in whom the cares of the schoolmaster do not quench the ardour for critical investigation. We may say that each of our faculties of letters is a workshop of studies where the history of literature and culture plays the predominant part. Thirty years ago some periods of

our literature were still an untilled field. It is now twenty years since there was initiated a methodical work of clearing, and negative criticism did away with a host of literary extravagances, and traditional assertions. Now it is truly gratifying to see and feel how much has been done, and how things advance with certainty of criteria and methods. We are, however, in the analytical period, where monographs abound—studies on special subjects—and constructive works are few. And another phenomenon is worthy of notice—the love, the cult that there is of form, of art. The rigidly negative critical school, by a natural and legitimate reaction against the rhetoric that had infested the schools, contended the cult of form. In the universities a student who composed verses—and worse, who read them in school—was considered an Arcadian. It was the custom, it was the fashion, to affect an Olympic contempt for all that was not scientific. Luckily a famous master, Giosuè Carducci, showed by example that art and criticism were not two things in opposition; that, on the contrary, one dwelt within the other; that if the taste was not educated one judged badly even of ancient works. So began with him and his disciples—to-day professors in many high schools—a salutary reaction against the analytical school and the purely corrosive criticism. Now the two tendencies balance each other and are intermingled, and the new generation has felt and understood that if history has its rights art has, too, and that serious criticism cannot take away from one or the other.

All this long discourse will, I hope, give something like an idea of our literary schools, and explain how synthetical works, constructing an historical and literary period, continue rare amongst us in the critical field, and how original productions of the literary and artistic sort continue ever to dwindle in Italy. The prejudice that the practice of poetry and fiction under the form of verses, of dramas, of novels, or of romances, was unworthy of those who studied literature as a science, has long ruled in the schools; and there are still university professors who regard the work of a poet and a romancer with Olympian compassion. But, thank Heaven! the infecund race of critics, of pure critics, is reduced to a small number. The others who know not how, or are unable, to create even a sonnet, at least deign to admire those who can give poetic form to the phantasms of their own brain. The contempt for literature as an art has ceased, and there is no young teacher in our secondary schools who has not attempted a novel, or a lyric, or maybe a proverb in verse, or a tragedy. This artistic awakening is a good augury, because the critical storm that raged for many years deterred the capable from venturing into the field of arts, which was open and free to the *dilettanti*, to the impudent.

This said, I proceed to pass in review the literary output of this year, which, like our State balance, runs from July 1st, 1902, to June, 1903. I may note once more the prevalence of the critical output over the literary and artistic. Another phenomenon of some importance is also observable, namely, the influence that is

exerted upon literature increasingly every year by feminism, which is seen in a solid contribution, both in the critical field and in that of fancy. In poetry, in romance, and in the theatre there has been wanting during the twelvemonth the triumphal, indisputable success of any masterpiece. The great writers have either rested on their laurels or laboured in silence in the preparation of other victories. Giosuè Carducci has now bidden a final adieu to his muse; Antonio Fogazzaro is satisfied with his political influence in his native Vicenza, where also he fills with great zeal the office of President of the Board of Charity; Edmondo de Amicis has been silent for some time; Giuseppe Giacosa is directing a monthly magazine, the *Lettura*; Olindo Guerrini is reprinting the 'Rime' of Lorenzo Stecchetti in an edition that matches that of the 'Rime' of Carducci; Enrico Panzacchi has published some of his lyrics, 'Cor Sincerum'; Vittoria Aganoor has married a literary deputy of great culture, the Hon. Guido Pompili of Perugia, and only from time to time makes her musical voice heard. The field is occupied by young men, and in the forefront we see Gabriele d'Annunzio, who offers us in three volumes the 'Laudi del Cielo, della Terra, del Mare e degli Eroi,' and of these has published meanwhile the first, 'Laus Vite,' printed with types and ornaments that aim at rivaling those of the Dovee Press, but have the defect of having been cast in Germany and of being a bastard imitation of the antique. These 'Laudi' are an imitation or a revival of the ancient metres dear to Fra Jacopone da Todi; but one often longs for the early and fresh inspiration of the first and youthful D'Annunzian fancies. Giovanni Marradi has given us another page of the 'Rapsodia Garibaldina,' and has collected in one volume the best of his poetic productions. Giovanni Pascoli also, the gentle poet of nature, has chosen to indulge in typographical elegancies, presenting to us with antique ornaments of a Rossettian design the first volume of the 'Canti di Castelvecchio.' Castelvecchio is a remote corner of Tuscan territory hidden away in the province of Lucca, and in this tranquil spot the poet has made his nest, and there passes most of his time, drawing true inspirations from his vivid memories and from the surrounding nature. These songs of his, exquisite, perfect in form, express delicate thoughts drawn from pure wells of poetic inspiration. He is the poet of *home*, and has the great merit of following a wholesome and honest inspiration, because he has a simple and good conception of life. In this respect, though wandering through vaster horizons, he is like Angiolo Orvieto, who in his new volume, 'Verso l' Oriente,' has supplied another excellent proof of his inspiration and of a technical skill that is somewhat rare. Among the other volumes of verse issued this year special mention is due to that of Riccardo Pitteri, the noted poet of Trieste, entitled 'Patria Terra,' and breathing noble patriotic sentiments; and the 'Poemi Lirici' of Domenico Tumiati, a Ferrarese poet who has given life to the *melologhi*, which are lyric songs for recitation with musical accompaniment, and have everywhere

had a great success. The *melologo* on 'Parisina' has been recently recited, with the usual accompaniment, in the castle of Ferrara, appropriately on the scene of the terrible drama.

Romance in Italy has not found, and does not find, propitious soil, and the example of Manzoni confirms the truth of the assertion. Even the theatre has found amongst us the same difficulties. We have romances, we have comedies, but the romance and the theatre are not there. This brings to my mind a verse of a brilliant writer who has always denied the existence of an Italian theatre, Ferdinando Martini, who, speaking of our *salons*, said: "Ci sono delle donne, ma la donna non c'è!" And perhaps in this Volterrian verse is the secret of what is lacking in romance and the theatre in Italy. As the *donna* is wanting, so is the atmosphere lacking; we have too many capitals, too many cities, differing in life, in customs, in language. The Italian capital is now being formed and constituted in Rome, but all the elements that certainly are there have not yet been able to amalgamate and fuse into a single whole. The romance-writers who describe Rome of to-day speak of the black world and the white world, and some one has found there the yellow world—Giustino Ferri, for example, who entitled his romance 'Roma Gialla.' There are too many strident and discordant colours, too many currents of life in perpetual contrast. It is difficult to collect and represent in its true aspect a life so multiform. However, whilst a really Italian romance and theatre have still to be looked for, there are first-rate representations of local life and customs. A Sardinian writer, Grazia Deledda, has quickly sprung into great fame, and her romances, full of wild vigour, please and attract. 'Elias Portolu' and 'Dopo il Divorzio' have been read, admired, and discussed. There is a good substratum of the romancer in this Sardinian novelist, who has a vigour unusual in feminine pens. There are good romances, well written, interesting to read, like 'Il Maleficio Oscuro' of Luciano Zuccoli, the 'Oasi' of Lucio d'Ambra, and 'Dopo la Vittoria,' by a new and promising writer, who hides herself under the name of Sfinge. There are dainty novels, like the 'Belle della Morte e della Vita' of Luigi Pirandello, who is an eminent professor, and 'La Falce' of Edoardo Calandra; but, let me repeat, romance is not there.

And, alas! so it is also with the theatre. On the posters the drama or the French *pochade* reigns supreme. Only some courageous artist like Gustavo Salvini, a son of the great tragedian, brings before the public the masterpieces of the Greek theatre or some tragedy from the good ancient repertory. Of the young men, two bolder than the rest, Roberto Bracco and Giannino Antoni Traversi, have succeeded in getting their plays acted and applauded. A patriotic drama, 'Romanticismo,' by Gerolamo Rovetta, has evoked in the pit loud and hearty plaudits, such as greeted the famous Liberal "tirades" when liberty had not been realized. We have to record two feminine successes: 'Il Giudice,' a drama by Térésah (Corinna Ubertis), and 'Arboscelli Divelti,' by Clarice Tartufari; but two swallows do not make a summer.

On the other hand, a genuine success has been gained by Nino Martoglio, a strong Sicilian poet, with his 'Nica,' acted by the Sicilian company of which he is the manager, not to say the ruler. This Sicilian company has been a real revelation at the Teatro Manzoni in Milan, where it was brought out for the first time by Martoglio with two or three real artists in dialect, and other natives who had never before faced the public in a theatre. Martoglio enlisted them, and in his expressive dialect made them a speech like this: "Do you swear to act before the leading public of Italy, with the object of doing honour to Sicily? Do you feel the boldness of it?" And they swore, like so many conspirators, and devoted themselves—to applause. One must see them in collective scenes, in scenes of passion, of fury. One wonders even without understanding them, as when one sees Sada Yacco; and when, after a little while, one begins to comprehend, one understands and admires. That is not art, it is nature itself. They act well because they have never been philo-dramatists, and obey the irresistible impulses of passion and reality; they do not represent, but live the life of the personages of the drama. That is a thing which only Italians can do.

Commemorations and centenaries, which are very greatly abused, are another speciality of ours. Edoardo Ferravilla, the humorous Milanese author, has in 'Sior Incioda' impersonated monumentomania. Gorgonzola, the city of cheese, wants to have its great man in marble, and, having none such, finds a poor devil who has fought in his country's battles, and creates him a great man perforce. I need not recount the comic scenes to which this discovery has given rise, and which have made of 'Sior Incioda' a type of the ultraburlesque and ridiculous. Another great living humourist, the vernacular poet Renato Fucini, in one of his Pisan sonnets makes a man of the people ask another what a centenary is. His friend explains it to him thus: "Suppose that to-day you have an apoplectic fit, and during a hundred years your fellow-countrymen do nothing for you; that would be your centenary." The definition is just, because in truth many centenaries result in worse than nothing—in speeches. On October 9th we had the centenary of Niccolò Tommaseo, the great Italo-Dalmatian scholar and patriot, celebrated at Sebenico and at Settignano; on January 13th the centenary of the great actor Gustavo Modena; on February 13th that of the Disfida di Barletta, the celebrated combat between thirteen Italians and as many French (1503); on April 18th that of the French Academy; on May 7th the honours to Guglielmo Marconi in Campidoglio, which had, indeed, been long settled. One could wish that this occasion might be imitated in this respect by others. But all this would have little to do with literature did it not give opportunity for a quantity of occasional publications, which refresh the memory in regard to the facts and persons that need to be remembered, and, above all, fix the attention of the living upon the hero or victim of the centenary.

However, it is better to speak of impartial and objective literature, in which there

have this year also been several important publications. I begin with Giosuè Carducci, the famous master, who in vol. xiii. of his 'Opere' has collected and revised his studies on Parini, and who has gathered in a very elegant little volume the 'Primavera e Fiore della Lirica Italiana,' from Frederick II. to Goffredo Mameli—from the earliest period to 1848. The preface, in which Carducci makes a rapid survey of the rise of the national lyric, shows the marvellous conciseness of style of which he alone is capable. And as the name of Carducci is under my pen, I shall mention a volume that is a necessary complement to his works, because it explains their contents and reveals the suggestive points in them—namely, the 'Memorie della Vita di Giosuè Carducci raccolte da un Amico,' by Giuseppe Chiarini, who for something like half a century has been the most faithful witness of his life and literary work. The individual who had the glory of being the first publisher of Carducci has had the good fortune of issuing this ingenuous book, which will be read by every one with admiration for the poet and gratitude to his illustrious biographer.

After these we may refer to other works that deserve signalizing to the world of literature. Bonaventura Zumbini has published a praiseworthy volume of 'Studi sul Leopardi,' in which he treats specially of the material comprised in the recently issued 'Zibaldone.' Carlo Segre has brought out another specimen of 'Nuovi Profili Storici e Letterari,' which are always commendable for the soundness of judgment and attractiveness of exposition which make him an elegant essayist. Vittorio Turri has condensed into one volume of the "Collezione Pantheon" a notable study on Machiavelli. From Gaetano Negri, the sad loss of whom all deplore, we have a posthumous volume, 'Segni dei Tempi, Profili e Bozzetti'; and from another excellent writer whom we have lost during the past autumn, Policarpo Petrocchi, the eminent lexicographer, we have two posthumous volumes—the conclusion of the 'Commento Storico e Filologico ai Promessi Sposi,' and a most promising essay on 'La Lingua e la Storia Letteraria dalle Origini fino a Dante.' I may refer briefly to other works: the 'Vita Nuova' of Dante, with the illustrations of Dante Gabriele Rossetti; a study by Dr. Bernardo Sanvisenti on 'I Primi Influssi di Dante, Petrarca e Boccaccio sulla Letteratura Spagnola'; the 'Studi della Lirica Italiana del Duecento' of Francesco Torraca; the critical notes on contemporary literature published under the title of 'Su per l'Era,' by Pietro Mastri; 'Le Origini del Melodramma,' by Angelo Solerti; the 'Discorsi e Profili Letterari' of Giuseppe Biadego; the seventh volume of the 'Poesie di Mille Autori intorno a Dante,' collected by Carlo del Balzo; and, lastly, a serious and profound work by Emilio Bertana on 'Vittorio Alfieri studiato nella Vita, nel Pensiero e nell'Arte.'

Among books of a biographical character I may also mention the 'Ricordi' of the illustrious physiologist Jacopo Moleschott; those written with much warmth of affection by Giuseppe Corsi on the lamented Baron Giovanni Ricasoli Firidolfi, who was a man of old-fashioned character and goodness;

the 'Rimpianti' of Francesco d' Ovidio; and the 'Ricordi ed Affetti' of Alessandro d' Ancona. A book full of valuable notices is 'La Prima Regina d'Italia' (Margaret of Savoy), by Onorato Roux; and another piece of pleasant writing is the 'Interviste' of the spirited journalist Carlo Paladini, which include almost every English politician from Gladstone to Mr. Chamberlain.

Dante is always the subject of research and study, nor does his cult show any sign of waning. A courageous Florentine publisher, V. Alinari, has had the 'Divina Commedia' illustrated by the best Italian artists, and the 'Inferno' and 'Purgatorio' have already been published with splendid illustrations. Another Florentine, the engineer Alberto Razzolini, has depicted the 'Divina Commedia' in miniature on as many postal cards as there are cantos in the poem. But patient investigations continue to be prosecuted. Francesco Flamini, the learned professor of the University of Padua, has given us a first volume on 'I Significati Reconditi della Commedia di Dante e il suo Fine Supremo'; the lamented Oddone Zenatti has left us a valuable volume on 'Dante e Firenze.' The widow of the illustrious Dantist Michel Angelo Caetani di Sermoneta has arranged for a new edition of the classic 'Tavole Dantesche' of her husband, and has published the first volume of his 'Lettere,' thus adding to her tributes to the memory of the venerated Roman patrician.

An unusually abundant harvest of publications is offered in history, many of which were promoted by the International Historical Congress, which was at last held in Rome from April 2nd to 9th. This important gathering evoked a great amount of monographs and communications. If I were to print a list of all the works sent or presented to the Congress the whole of the columns of this number would not suffice. I shall therefore mention only the most notable—namely, the Index and Preface to the 'Diarii di Marin Sanudo,' a monumental work due to the Deputazione di Storia Veneta, to the printers Visentini, and to Guglielmo Berchet; and the new edition of the 'Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,' under the supervision of Vittorio Fiorini and Giosuè Carducci. This enterprise is certainly one of the best and boldest that have been attempted of late years, and, indeed, merited the favour with which it was met in the world of scholarship. The monograph of V. Fiorini, 'Dei Lavori Preparatori alla Nuova Edizione dei Rerum Italicarum Scriptores,' is a proof of the great diligence and incontestable competence of the editor of this collection in the difficult field of Italian mediæval historiography. He has known how to select proficient and energetic co-operators, and to each of these he has assigned his proper task, indicating to him the best method of setting about it. More than a critical work that of Fiorini is a record of critical strategies, for he makes his lieutenants move and work with the certainty with which Moltke commanded his generals. Do not let the praise appear excessive, for it repeats the truth and the reception that this work met with even at the International Congress at Rome, where it was to the interest of many to decry it.

After these works I may mention several books, such as the 'Radetzky' of Alessandro Luzio, the 'Conclavi, Pontefici e Cardinali del Secolo XIX.' of Giovanni Berthelet, a monograph by Jacopo Guelli and Gaetano Moretti on the 'Missaglia,' the Milanese armourers, the work of Ernesto Masi on 'Asti e gli Alfieri nei Ricordi della Villa di San Martino,' the 'Donne di Storia e di Romanzo' (by the same genial writer), the 'Discorsi e Studi di Politica e Storia' of Domenico Zanchelli, the 'Passioni del Risorgimento' of Raffaello Barbiera (who has also given us a volume, a little too favourable, on 'Cristina Belgiojoso'), and the 'Nuove Pagine sul Cristianesimo Antico' of the well-known philosopher Alessandro Chiappelli, to whom we owe some valuable social essays with the title of 'Voci del Nostro Tempo.'

Together with history there flourishes amongst us a new plant, that is the history of art. Already manuals and scholastic texts of the new teaching abound, whilst fundamental works are still wanting for many periods. Editorial and didactic industry has already manifested itself; chairs of the history of art are to be established in the secondary schools, whilst they are wanting in several universities. *Quis docet doctores?* In the meantime real students are producing important monographs. Enrico Panzacchi has published 'Il Libro degli Artisti,' in which the latter treat of their art; Pompeo Molmenti has published an excellent essay on 'La Pittura Veneziana,' from the earliest times to our days, written with rare competence and much vivacity and effectiveness of style, and, in conjunction with F. Ludwig, a valuable monograph on Carpaccio; and Adolfo Venturi the second volume of his 'Storia dell' Arte in Italia,' from barbaric art to that of Rome; and Enrico Brockhaus, Director of the Istituto d' Arte Tedesca in Florence, his 'Ricerche sopra alcuni Capolavori dell' arte Fiorentina.'

Corrado Ricci, the worthy Director of the Pinacoteca di Brera in Milan, now more than rearranged—renewed—by him, has undertaken the publication of a series entitled "Italia Artistica," which offers good monographs on a number of our cities. There have been already published 'Ravenna,' by C. Ricci; 'Ferrara e Pomposa,' by G. Agnelli; 'Venezia,' by P. Molmenti; and 'Girgenti,' by Rocco Manceri. It is to be hoped that this new and useful collection will proceed rapidly and be bought by all the compilers of foreign guides who claim to teach history and aesthetics. How many authors of 'Walks in Rome' or in Florence deserve to be ordered to travel!

GUIDO BIAGI.

POLAND.

THE jubilee of T. T. Jez (Z. Milkowski) is very shortly to be celebrated on the eightieth birthday of that Nestor among our novelists. In consequence of this one of his earliest and best romances, 'The Memoirs of a Suitor,' which had not hitherto appeared in book form—a rare and remarkable occurrence—has now been published. The latest work of E. Orzeszko, 'Anastasie,' more a poem than a romance, exerts a peculiar attraction over the reader by its sympathetic and altruistic conception and its

genuinely poetic diction, happily modelled on the old Polish speech. 'The Festival of Life,' the last tale given us by A. Dygasinski, the Polish Kipling, whose premature death we mourn, is also full of poetry; it is the symbolic story of a golden-crested wren, and is laid in prehistoric times. 'Rottenness,' by W. Berent, presents a powerful and absorbing picture of the nervous overstrain, the chaotic beliefs, and the moral disintegration of the youngest generation — particularly in literary and artistic circles, the members of which spend their lives in cafés and music-halls. Of action there is almost nothing, but the psychological analysis and individual dramatic situations are brilliantly handled. The author, hitherto almost unknown, has suddenly gained an extraordinary reputation by this book. His other novel, 'The Specialist,' a somewhat earlier work written in a different style, is meant to show the mistake made by utilitarian devotees in urging intelligent young people to a life of mechanical labour, on the plea that such labour must be undertaken for the common advantage. 'On the Silver Sphere,' a story by J. Zulawski, who has hitherto been known chiefly as a lyric poet, reminds one to a certain extent of Jules Verne, but is distinguished by high poetical merit. Two men and a woman succeed in journeying from the earth to the moon, and from them a new race, greatly degenerated in comparison with the human species, comes into being. These "Untermenschen" or "under-men," if I may so term them, end by regarding the sole survivor of the trio as God. In a collection of short stories entitled 'In the Land of Rocks' another poet, K. Przerwa-Tetmajer, has depicted with great vigour the life of the Tatra people as it was a hundred years ago, when brigandage and passionate love were its chief features. This last work is justly preferred to the same author's earlier novels of fashionable life. 'In the Mountain Valleys,' a charming story with a background of a similar nature, is the work of W. Orkan, a young writer, who has here described his native home with a truly filial love. In his latest production, 'Chinese Tales,' W. Sieroszewski has once more remained faithful to his preference for foreign subjects; the recent struggles in the Far East have provided him with his material, and his sympathies are by no means on the side of the Europeans—least of all on that of the arrogant Germans. 'Sword and Ell,' an historical novel by W. Gormulicki, dealing with the seventeenth century, is interesting and vigorously written, but aims too much at melodramatic effects and complications of plot. Very similar excellences and defects are to be found in W. Gondorowski's three novels: 'The Napoleonic Rhapso-dists,' 'The Hurricane,' and 'Kajetan Stuart'; they all deal with the wars of Napoleon, in which, as is well known, the Poles took a considerable part. The pictures of battle are brilliantly done, but the analysis of the chief characters is not of equal merit. In E. Luninski's volume of short stories, 'On the Grey Road,' scenes and characters are delineated with great realism; the book is written in a nervous strain which communicates itself to the reader. A longer story by A. Miecznik,

'With the Stream of Life,' is exceedingly interesting, although the psychology is now and then somewhat inadequate. 'After a Thousand Years,' a picture of Slovack-Hungarian political conditions, by A. Gruszecki, is distinguished by its admirable characterization of the two races concerned.

Our lady novelists have also supplied us with good store in the last twelve months. G. Zapolska's 'Like the Rainbow,' the story of a fashionable beauty, is deeply interesting and written with masterly skill. In her 'Flower of the Heath' M. Rodziewicz has portrayed high-minded woman who is unhappy in her married life, devotes herself to nursing the sick, and finally falls a victim to an infectious disease. E. Jelenska's 'Court of the Nobles,' W. Grot-Benczkowska's 'Anima Vagans,' a melancholy picture of married life cast in the form of a young girl's memoirs, and Esteja's 'Nina' ought also to be mentioned in this place.

As regards lyric production, G. Danilowski has shown by his volume of 'Poems' that he is a new poet whose work is thoroughly virile (a rare thing nowadays). His diction is forcible and laconic, yet at the same time subtle and elegant. Another *débutant*, B. Adamowicz, has perhaps not been so successful, though his patriotism deserves praise and recognition. T. Micinski is still a chief representative of poetic mysticism in his latest production, 'In the Twilight of the Stars'; he does not take any pains to make himself easily understood and to win popularity. L. Staff's 'A Soul's Day' shows how eagerly the young poet strives to attain power and energy of expression, but he does not invariably succeed. W. Wolski, the author of the poem 'To the Unknown,' is sharply distinguished from the most modern school, with its prevailing erotic tendencies, by his almost ascetic seriousness of style and sentiment. The tone of A. Mironowski's volume of lyrics is melancholy, passionate, often over-sentimental. Pushkin's famous poem 'Eugen Onegin' has been admirably translated by L. Belmont; indeed, the new form is often not inferior to the original. As for Bartkiewicz's translation of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' it may almost be regarded as the first in our language, for the former one, now more than a century old, was a very poor affair.

In the domain of drama there has appeared a new work by the talented author S. Wyspianski, who is generally spoken of as holding the foremost place in the ranks of our "moderns." 'The Liberation,' however, is really a poem of ideas rather than a true drama, and in consequence of this, as also on account of many obscurities in the presentation of its main conception, met with small encouragement from the theatre-going public. 'King Boleslaw the Bold,' a second play from the same pen, proved much better adapted to the stage, for here the author has really succeeded in producing a series of brilliant scenes, an effective *farce*, by means of his picturesque and exuberant imagination. The year sixty-three, so disastrous in the annals of Poland, serves as the setting to L. Rydel's new play, 'For Ever,' a touching domestic tragedy written in finished verse. J. Zulawski has in his 'Dictator' chosen a subject from the same period, but

approached it entirely from the historical side; the picture, however, has too sombre an effect, chiefly because the hero's character is not sufficiently sympathetic. I. Kisielewski's symbolic drama 'The Sonata,' and 'The Mother,' a new play by S. Przybyszewski, with adultery for its theme, have not made nearly such an impression as many earlier works by the same authors. The two pieces of Z. Kawecki, 'The Drama of Kalina' and 'The Apparitions,' though theatrically effective in some respects, are crude in subject and primitive in conception. A much greater success was the first performance of B. Gorczynski's 'In a July Night,' in which a wealthy landowner's fatal amour with a peasant girl is depicted in vivid and brilliant colours. 'The Native Manufactory,' by K. Slonczewska, is a most amusing farce; but 'A Luminary,' by S. Kozlowski, does not quite endorse the author's evident claim to have written a satiric comedy. M. Szukiewicz's half-symbolic, half-allegoric drama, 'Art,' so far presented only in its published form, is meant to express the craving for ideals felt by chosen spirits, who none the less succumb for a time to the temptations of the flesh.

Of Prof. A. Brückner's 'History of Polish Literature,' which was published in German about a year ago, I have spoken in these columns on a former occasion. An enlarged and revised edition, in Polish, of this able and important work has recently appeared. Simultaneously has been published also the second edition of Count S. Tarnowski's 'History of Polish Literature,' in five volumes, shortly to be followed by a sixth, dealing with modern times. The third of our most notable historians of literature, P. Chmielowski, has lately added to his valuable productions a 'History of Literary Criticism in Poland.'

ADAM BELCIKOWSKI.

RUSSIA.

THE religious and philosophical movement which increases in Russia with every year has caused the appearance of a new monthly magazine. In Russia, where the establishment of magazines is accomplished with considerable difficulty, and where they have greater significance than in Western Europe, the appearance of a new organ of thought always constitutes an important literary event. The magazine is published in St. Petersburg, and is called the *New Path*. The editor explains this nomenclature by its effort to stand outside of the literary parties which exist in Russia, of which it reckons four: the Liberals, the Conservatives, the Marxists, and the Decadents. "Our object," the editor writes, "is to give opportunity for the expression, in whatever literary form it may be, of those new tendencies which have arisen in our society with the awakening of religious and philosophical thought." The new magazine aims at uniting the spirit of religious inquiry with sharply defined progress.

The views of this publication are sufficiently made clear in the articles of its chief contributors. D. Merezhkovski, in the article 'The Fate of Gogol,' compares historical Christianity with the new conception of it. Historical Christianity has rejected

this world, has considered it all vanity, and has preached asceticism. Through such a conception of Christianity Gogol perished. The new Christianity ought to consecrate the world, just as Christ consecrated the flesh. Merezhkovski has views of a new, truly universal apocalyptic church, which will unite all Christian beliefs at present in existence. N. Minski, in the article 'The Double Unity of the Moral Ideal,' shows that up to this time we have narrowed Christian morality by taking from it only the teaching on love which falls in with the doctrines of the Old Testament and many other religions. In reality Christianity in all moral questions points out two paths of righteousness, e.g., it speaks of the holiness of marriage and the glory of virginity. V. Rozanov, in the article 'Christ the Judge of the World,' subjects to pitiless criticism contemporary ecclesiastical life and the customary views on Christianity. The part of the journal devoted to *belles-lettres* is the weakest, in spite of the successful contributions by Madame Z. Gippius, N. Veger, and A. Remizov.

The magazine has aroused sharp attacks from Russian contemporaries of all tendencies. Liberals have found fault with its reactionary tone, Conservatives with its revolutionary spirit, Decadents with its campaign against aesthetics. Gradually the severities of the censorship with reference to the new magazine became greater, and ten articles offered for insertion were refused admission. In St. Petersburg the religious and philosophical meetings were forbidden at which very remarkable discussions on questions of religion by spiritual men and men of the world were held. Reports of these were printed in the *New Path*.

In whatever way the religious and philosophic movement was produced it has become in another centre the preaching of the new idealism. Some talented writers have consecrated themselves to this preaching, the majority of whom a short time ago held entirely different views. The most prominent among them are S. Bulgakov, S. Frank, and P. Novorodtzev. Among the books published by them general attention has been aroused by the miscellany 'Literary Matters' and 'Problems of Idealism.' In metaphysics these writers wish to see not only gratification, although it be of a noble love of knowledge. They seek also an answer to the tormenting and inexplicable riddles of life, to solve which exact knowledge seems powerless. There is a very characteristic article in this respect on the 'Fundamental Problem of Ethics.' The author gives personality the first place in ethics, the absolute importance of man; by means of this he connects ethics with religion. His ideal is the synthesis of the idea of Nietzsche, of the man God, and the Christian idea of the God man. One of the most gifted members of this group of writers, S. Bulgakov, delivered two public lectures at Kiev on A. Herzen and Vlad. Soloviev. In the lectures themselves, and especially in the refutation of his opponents, he minutely analyzed the ideas of his circle. The lectures were a great success. The soul-tragedy of Herzen Bulgakov sees in the fact that his mind was full of religious and metaphysical questions, while his views of life were (owing

to the influence of his time) positivist and even coarsely materialistic. It was not possible for him to be anything else, because the systems of philosophy which existed then could not satisfy all the doubts of the contemporary soul. Bulgakov thinks that the system of Vladimir Soloviev approaches nearer to such an ideal. Meanwhile this system is the most complete of the philosophic teachings in vogue. By it a synthesis of pure knowledge, metaphysical thought, and religion is attained.

In connexion with this tendency may be placed some other manifestations of Russian literature. Of this character was the series of lectures under the title 'The Greek Religion of a Suffering God,' delivered by Mr. Viacheslav Ivanov in the Ecole Russe des Hautes Études at Paris. The author, who displays vast erudition, elucidates from a new point of view the cult of Dionysus in ancient Greece. He approximates this cult to Christianity, and shows some remarkable and unexpected coincidences between them. The productions of two young poets, Alexander Blok and Andrei Bieli (*nom de guerre*), which have appeared in various periodicals, are of this kind. They are strongly penetrated by a passionate mysticism. The verses and symphonies in prose of the second of these writers are especially remarkable; in them I perceive great and first-rate talent and an unusual individuality of thought. Russian literature in the person of Andrei Bieli reaches a remarkable elevation. The talented critic A. Zalinski, quite independently of these writers, has now for more than ten years been preaching idealism in Russian literature. Three of his public lectures, containing a survey of all Russian literature from the point of view of the *Weltanschauung* of the author, have been published by Mr. Molostov under the title 'A Struggler for Idealism,' and have gone through two editions during the year with which we are dealing.

In *belles-lettres* Maxim Gorki and L. Andréev have continued to attract the most attention. Each of their new productions has evoked long and noisy discussions, both in the press and in society. The number of copies of their books which have been sold exceeds what has previously been known in Russia.

Gorki has put upon the stage another play, 'In the Depths.' In these pictures the distinguishing features of his creations are prominent. The contents of the piece are taken from that world, the description of which has gained for the author his great popularity—the world of the scum of the city population, of the beggars (*bosaki*). Life in a common lodging-house is revealed before the spectators. The figures of the *dramatis personæ* are sharply outlined. The dialogue is maintained with life and power. Many of the catchwords have become familiar quotations, e.g., "A man—that sounds a proud title." The idea of the piece is contained in the preaching of the independent value of the personality of man. The hero of the piece, the pilgrim Luka, says, "A man such as he is always has his own value." When they put the question to him whether there is a God, a question on the deepest meaning of life, he answers, "If you believe, there is; if you don't believe, there isn't."

The piece was played at Moscow on the stage of the best Russian theatre, that of the Artists, with loud applause. A series of representations were continuous ovations for the author. On the other hand, in St. Petersburg, although played by the same actors, the piece was not a success. Among the critics also many protesting voices were heard. They pointed out in the piece the absence of any real dramatic power, the coarse melodrama of many of the scenes, the improbable characters of the types introduced, and noted the fact that the ideas enunciated in the play were only weak iteration of the thoughts of Nietzsche and Carlyle.

The tales by L. Andréev which have attracted especial attention are 'Thought' in the magazine *God's World*, and 'In the Mist' in the *Magazine for Everybody*. In the tale 'Thought' the author analyzes all the sophism of mere thought. The hero of the story, Dr. Kerzhentsev, kills his friend Savelov from motives of revenge and envy. Savelov was wiser than he, more talented, and had taken from him a girl with whom he was in love. To escape punishment Kerzhentsev cleverly pretends to be mad. He plays the part before the whole world, and all believe him. But thought takes its vengeance upon him. He himself loses the balance between clear consciousness and madness, and ceases to be sure that he is not deprived of his reason. He confesses his crime at the trial, so that the judges may condemn him and conclude by that that he is not mad. The story is powerfully written with keen psychological analysis. In the story 'In the Mist' a youth is introduced suffering from the consequences of a vicious life. The torture of his position is increased by the fact that he is in love with a woman of worth. The story had a wide publicity, owing to the circumstance that it was subjected by the Countess S. Tolstoy (the wife of the great writer) to very severe criticism. She published a letter in which she found fault with the tale, and considered it likely to corrupt youth. She found some supporters in the press, but a great number of people defended L. Andréev, and reminded her that literature does not exist for the education of schoolboys. A vigorous polemic was carried on in the newspapers for about two months.

A whole school of young writers have formed a group round Gorki and L. Andréev. Some of them imitate directly the manner of their teachers and repeat their ideas, others only show signs of their influence. Their works are issued by the wealthy bookselling firm "Knowledge," one of the chief proprietors of which is Gorki himself. Among these writers during the past year S. Yushkevich has had the greatest success, although quite at the commencement of his literary career. He has published a volume of stories from the life of the poor Jewish population. Moreover, there have been issues or reissues of tales, verses, and dramatic productions by Skitalets (*nom de guerre*), E. Chirikov, N. Teleshov, A. Serafimovich, I. Bunin, and A. Kuprin.

Among the writers of an earlier generation who have latterly created some stir are P. Boborykin with his story 'The Law of

Life,' devoted to the marriage question, and Mikh. Aldov with his novel 'The Secret of Glaphira.' He is an author who writes but little and in the old fashion, but he is original and talented. V. Korolenko appears with his 'Quite Gentle,' which is written with all his old force and in a masterly style; it is certainly one of the best productions of the celebrated novelist.

The supporters of the "new poetry," the "modernists," in the spring of the year of which we are treating, undertook a regular campaign in Moscow for the diffusion of their ideas. They have advocated them in public lectures and readings (of these the five lectures of K. Balmont, delivered in different places, were among the most conspicuous), and in public meetings on literary questions convened on Tuesdays by the Moscow Literary and Artistic Circle. These Tuesdays attracted such a number of hearers that frequently the premises of the club could not contain them. The disputes became lively, and even violent. There were sharp conflicts between the representatives of opposite opinions. The Moscow journalists were the greatest opponents of the "new poetry," and were supported by a certain doctor of medicine, N. Bazhenov, who during the year published a book, 'The Discussions of Lunatics about Literary Subjects.' Among the defenders of the "new art," besides those persons who are more or less known in literature, was a group of very young writers, almost schoolboys. They published a volume of their productions under the title of 'The Griffin Almanac.' Independently of this, the publishing agency "Scorpion," which represents the "modernists," issued its customary yearly volume, 'Northern Flowers.' Together with the names of K. Balmont, Andrei Bieli, Th. Sologub, Yuri Baltrushaitis, and L. Vilkin appear those of writers of another tendency—D. Merezhkovski, N. Minski, V. Rozanov, and Z. Gippius.

The volume of poems of Viacheslav Ivanov, entitled 'Pilot Stars,' deserves attention. Of Ivanov I have previously spoken. Certainly his opinions are clearly expounded in his verses. He expresses many philosophic perplexities, which are frequently embodied in the forms of classical antiquity. He deals with such questions in his verses as ordinarily are treated in close-reasoned prose, but even while deciding them he remains a poet. Besides this, his book deserves attention in the matter of language. He is on the look out for new rhythms and new methods of description in verse. He has an independent and original vocabulary, in which he includes not a few words and forms which have gone out of use. This gives an archaic tone in some respects to his language, but also a peculiar strength. Ivanov loves a word as some love precious stones. He polishes it carefully, chooses the suitable setting, and frequently makes it glitter with unexpected splendour.

Madame Myrrha Lohvitskaia has issued the fourth volume of her verses, in which all the captivating phases of her talents are represented. She is passionate in construction and masterly in detail, but these new verses will add nothing to her literary importance. I. Bunin began by publishing 'New Poems,' and afterwards produced

the first volume of his collected verse. He is a sympathetic and interesting poet in his genuine descriptions of nature and emotion, but the elaboration of images and feelings which he aims at in his later productions is not natural to him. A. Feodorov has published a new collection of poems. An anonymous little book of poems, 'Poema Egregium sive de Fausto Fabula,' is a complete failure, conspicuous only for its pretentiousness. K. Balmont has given us most remarkable translation in the first volume of his 'Shelley.' These versions are not altogether new. Balmont had already made a name for himself as a fine translator of Shelley. But the new edition will be exhaustive. The translations have been carefully revised and furnished with interesting notes by the translator. Besides this work, K. Balmont has edited translations of the works of Hauptmann (first and second volumes) and Sudermann (second volume). The novel 'Homo Sapiens,' by the Polish-German writer St. Przybyszewski, excellently translated by N. Semeonov, had a great success. This work, with its tendencies, its mixture of the superhuman of Nietzsche with the independent idealistic philosophy of the author, suited the taste of the Russian public. S. Poliakov continues to make Russian readers acquainted with the well-known Norwegian author Kn. Hamsun in excellent translations. In the year under notice his 'Drama of Life' was published. Some translations have appeared of the Belgian romance-writer and lyrical poet J. Rodenbach. Madame Veselovskaya has published his lyrical novel 'Le Carillonner,' and S. Golobachevski a book of verses under the title of 'Cities of Silence.' V. Sablin has undertaken in Russian an issue of the works of A. Schnitzler; S. Skirmut a new edition of Ibsen, and the magazine the *Star* one of Maeterlinck. In this catalogue only translations are mentioned which show independent creative ability. Besides these, if we omit translations of scientific works, a whole series of translations have appeared, for cheap circulation, of various novelties in foreign literature, e.g., translations of 'Monna Vanna,' by Maeterlinck, and 'Armer Heinrich,' by Hauptmann.

In the history of literature there has been much activity in what concerned Pushkin. Although more than sixty-five years have elapsed since his death, and during that period two such giants in Russian literature as Tolstoy and Dostoevsky have been active, Pushkin maintains his vitality and influence upon his contemporaries. He is still the foundation upon which Russian literature stands. During the year under review two new editions of his works have been begun, and are being vigorously carried on: one is edited by P. Yefremov, the well-known bibliographer, who had already supervised two editions of Pushkin in the eighties; the other by P. Morozov, who looked after the edition of 1887, which is the best that has appeared up to this time. Both editions are on the level of the contemporary study of Pushkin. They furnish a good deal that is new, and introduce many corrections into the text. Two collections of new materials in connexion with Pushkin appeared simul-

taneously. They give unpublished letters of Pushkin, the rough copies of his verses, and letters to him. One volume is edited by Prof. I. Shliapkin, another by the writer of these lines. N. Lerner has issued, under the title 'Works and Days,' a very useful collection of all known chronological data in the life of Pushkin. A like labour was undertaken in the eighties by Prof. J. Grot; but Mr. Lerner has corrected it in a remarkable degree, and has augmented it with at least a fifth of new matter. Finally, the materials for the Academy's edition of Pushkin, which were collected by L. Maikov, and edited after his death by V. Saitov, have been published.

Among other historico-literary novelties must be mentioned the printing of the latter part of the diary of the poet Zhukovski in the *Russian Antiquary*. Very valuable materials are furnished by it. Prof. A. Veselovski has issued the second edition, greatly enlarged, of his 'Studies and Characteristics of Western and Russian Authors.' A. Vredenski has collected for the first time his 'Literary Characteristics,' which were printed by him in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century in literary journals. In the *Historical Messenger* Mr. Skandin has communicated curious details of the life of Dostoevsky in Siberia.

In the department of history the most important publication has been the first volume of the 'History of Moscow,' by I. Zabielin. The people of Moscow bought up the first edition in the course of a fortnight. The author, a veteran of advanced years, is already known to scholars by his valuable works on Russian history. His new book bears witness to his unwearied labours. The first volume is devoted exclusively to the history of the Kremlin; it is the fruit of the investigations of twelve years. The author makes into living pictures the scanty notices by contemporaries of the oldest history of Moscow and the dry, fragmentary data of the archives. His work is like a mosaic. In it many details are published for the first time. The pages relating to the beginning of the nineteenth century produce a melancholy impression. At that time took place the clearing of the Kremlin from the old buildings. The Kremlin, which had been preserved from the plunder of the Tatars and the Poles, was devastated by the Russians themselves. They found that "the ancient buildings by their undignified appearance obscured the other magnificent erections." In 1801 the old Svetniki Sobor was destroyed. In 1803 the palace was pulled down in which the Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich used to live. In 1806 the palace of Boris Godunov was sold by auction. Some time after the invasion of Napoleon, during one night in 1816, the church of Nikola Gostunski was demolished, which had been built in the year 1506. Finally, in 1847 the church of the Birth of John the Baptist was destroyed, which belonged to the year 1509.

Prof. V. Buzeskul has printed his 'Introduction to the History of Greece.' This is a learned work, a critical investigation of the sources for the history of ancient Hellas and the latest books written about it. The author dwells on Russian works treating of the subject with especial minuteness, and gives a complete bibliography of them.

Prof. S. Platonov has published a collection of his 'Essays on Russian History,' dealing chiefly with the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Prof. D. Tsvetaiev has published the second volume of the appendixes to his work on the Tsar Basil Shuiski. In this second volume, as in the first, precious material has been brought together, which has been acquired in the archives of Moscow and Warsaw. The work of Tsvetaiev adds much to the history of the Russian Tsar who was taken prisoner by the Poles. A great deal of historical material has been published which is concerned with the beginning of the nineteenth century, which was, till lately, forbidden ground to Russian investigators. The publication of the complete private archives of Prince Th. Kurakin and the Counts Mordvinov (vols. iv., v., and vi.) has reference to this, and the work of the Grand Duke Nicholas Mikhailovich, 'Count P. Stroganov.' E. Stechkin has published a dissertation on the 'Russo-Austrian Alliance at the Time of the Seven Years' War,' written by him with the help of the data of the archives of Vienna and Copenhagen. S. Tatistchev has published a valuable sketch of the reign of Alexander II., and V. Semevski the second volume of his work 'The Peasants under Catherine II.' The volumes (cix.-cxiii.) which have been issued by the Russian Historical Society are very valuable. Vols. cix., cx., are occupied with the dispatches of the Austrian and English ambassadors in Russia in the eighteenth century, from the originals preserved in the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Vienna, and the public archives in London. In vol. cxiii. is printed the diplomatic correspondence of the Russian and French Governments in the years 1814-16.

During the year under review Russian literature has suffered a serious loss by the death of K. Staniukovich (born 1844). His stories from the lives of Russian sailors enjoyed especial popularity. He knew that class, and the types created by him will remain for ever in Russian literature. An equally serious loss was the death of Prof. Kirpichnikov (born 1845). He was the author of many valuable works on the history of literature. Besides this he was a man of wide reading and unwearyed energy. He carried life and activity into all the many learned and literary societies of which he was president. I must also record the deaths of E. Markov, *littérateur*, best known by his sketches of travel; A. Aksakov, a writer on spiritualism, as much belonging to German literature as to Russian; and P. Porphyirov, the translator of Horace.

The jubilee was celebrated of the literary activity of Tolstoy. Without a dissenting voice all the press and all society unanimously saluted the great veteran. Such a jubilee also A. Pypin celebrated, the author of the most circumstantial 'History of Russian Literature.' On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Nekrasov, and the tenth of that of A. Fet, festivals were held in honour of these poets. The *file* of the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Committee of Ministers was important on account of the simultaneous publication of the documents of its history. The celebration of the two hundredth anniversary

of the periodical press (founded in Russia by Peter the Great) and of the city of St. Petersburg called forth in the newspapers a series of articles and essays, but they were worth but little attention.

VALERII BRIOUSOV.

SPAIN.

THE twelve months that have elapsed since my last chronicle was written have been characterized by a decidedly interesting revival of literary activity, thus offering a curious contrast to the preceding twelve. In that period, coincidentally with what was taking place throughout the rest of the Continent, more especially in the Latin countries, there was remarked a certain indisposition on the part of authors to cultivate fiction and poetry, while the public evinced a decided weariness of, and distaste to, both those branches of literature. Now there has ensued a rapid resumption of interest in both, and the production of tales and poems may be said, at least as far as numbers go, to be the most important that I have had occasion to speak of. It should be remarked that not a few writers figure in the revival whose intellectual characteristics seem better suited to other forms of activity, and who have gained a reputation more or less considerable in philosophy, criticism, history, &c.

Of our veteran novelists, Pérez Galdós has begun the fourth series of his 'Episodios Nacionales,' which he commences in the year 1848. The first of these bears the striking title of 'Las Tormentas del 1848,' and although the historical portion of it is reduced to small proportions compared with the fictitious part, it affords a sufficiently vivid idea of the political events at the Papal Court, of the intervention of Spain on behalf of Pio Nono, and of the revolutionary demonstrations in Madrid in which D. Nicolás María Rivero and others who afterwards became distinguished politicians were involved. The second is called 'Narvaéz,' and affords striking portraits of that energetic but harsh ruler, as well as of some of the personages of the royal family, and a truly artistic description of the intrigues of Sor Patrocinio. The third, published quite recently, deals with 'Los Duendes de la Camarilla,' that is to say, with the Court intrigues and political persecutions; and closes with the attempt of the Cura Merino, whose figure, introduced in the first 'Episodio,' is gradually enriched with additional lines and colour in the course of the three volumes.

Palacio Valdés, who, since the appearance of his valuable tale 'La Alegría del Capitán Ribot,' appeared to have thrown aside his pen, has again taken it up to indite a real poem, partly in epic tones, addressed to his native Asturia. 'La Aldea perdida' (so his new tale is styled) is delicious in all that appertains to the painting of scenery, customs, and local characters. Its weakness is confined to its theme, the injury done to the poetry of the landscape by the introduction of modern industries, and to the types created with obvious exaggeration to support his thesis. Blasco Ibáñez has recurred to his Valencian tales in 'Cañas y Barro,' the subject being a description of Albufera and of the life of the inhabitants of that

singular lagoon, where the social atmosphere is in a great measure the opposite of that of the neighbouring city. As usual (for to Blasco this appears a matter of no moment), the language of the book is exceedingly slipshod; however, this defect, which with Castilian readers cannot pass unnoticed, is largely redeemed by the vigour of the descriptions, and the vivid impression of life which the whole of the novel exhales, imparting to it, in spite of its originality, a certain resemblance to the writings of Zola, which is increased by its semi-epic character and the representative value of its portraits.

Emilia Pardo Bazán, whose signature constantly appears in magazines and newspapers, has published only one work of fiction, 'Misterio,' an historical tale. The topic selected—the unknown fate of the son of Louis XVI.—is hardly one of those that nowadays interest the public, yet undoubtedly 'Misterio' has met with good success. The veteran master Don Juan Valera has reissued in volume-form his valuable story 'Garuda ó la Cigüeña Blanca,' which originally appeared in a periodical.

A Catalan publisher, Señor Henrich, has undertaken a 'Biblioteca de Novelistas del Siglo XX.,' or, in other words, a collection of unpublished tales by authors either young or little distinguished hitherto in this branch of literature. Up to now seven volumes have made their appearance: 'Amor y Pedagogía' by Señor Unamuno, 'Voluntad' by Señor Martínez Ruiz, 'La Dictadora' by Señor Zozaga, 'Guzmán el Malo' by Señor Orbe, 'La Juncalera' by Señor Pérez, 'Reposo' by Señor Altamira, and 'El Mayorazgo de Labraz' by Señor Baroja. The most striking characteristic of the collection is the variety of styles, tastes, and tendencies expressed by the authors, which accentuate the individuality of each; and the intellectual bearing of the problem that forms the predominant feature in most of them. It is possible that for many readers some, or perhaps the majority, of the works mentioned may seem hardly works of fiction, and very likely they will be right in so thinking. What cannot be denied is the interest the tales offer to those who desire to learn the direction of the ideas and the amount of artistic independence prevalent among the youth of Spain. 'El Mayorazgo' is particularly noticeable for its imaginative surroundings, although it may be inferior in general construction to previous efforts of Señor Baroja.

It would be a lengthy business to enumerate all the other works of fiction that have been printed in the last twelve months. I need simply mention 'Del Jardín del Amor,' a highly interesting study of female character, by Señor Llanas Aguilaniedo; 'La Hostería de Cantillana,' a satirical romance by an author who styles himself the Bachiller Alonso de San Martín; 'Odios,' by Señor Sánchez Díaz, a young writer possessed of an animated style, and stirred by the great sorrows and misfortunes of mankind; 'De mi Rincón,' by Acebal, a polished and elegant writer; 'Corte de Amor,' the work of Valle Inclán; 'La Mujer Gaditana,' a study rather social and medical than literary, by Dr. Rubio; 'El Poble Gris' of Rusiñol, a book full of poetry and highly satirical; 'Dramas rurales,' by a Catalan author who conceals

herself under the name of Victor Catalá; and others by Señors Bueno, López Allué, López Roberts, Menéndez Agusty, Reyes, Maldonado, Trigo, Señora Doña Blanca de los Ríos, and several more who are now establishing a reputation or adding to one already acknowledged by the newspaper critics.

Parallel to this development of the novel has been the cultivation of the drama, particularly in Catalonia, where the stage is marked by a social and *tendencias* character. Among its notable successes I may instance 'Lo cor del poble' and 'Els Vells' of Iglesias, an author who has rapidly gained a foremost place among playwrights; 'Els Jochs florals de Canprosa' and 'El Heroe' by Rusiñol, satires that have excited great discussion in Catalonia, owing to the first being directed against "Catalanismo," and the second against certain results which war usually entails; 'Els dos Esperits,' a drama of highly radical tendency, treating of the labour problem; 'La Pecadora' and 'Aigua que corre,' pieces of Guimerá's, but inferior to earlier efforts of his; and 'El Mestre Nou,' by Pons, who commences with a success. Among the plays written in Castilian the following merit mention: 'Pepita Reyes' and 'La Dicha Ajena,' dramas evincing deep and attractive feeling, combined with the proud grace that is already a distinctive characteristic of their authors, the brothers Alvarez Quintero; 'Alma Triumfante' and 'La Noche del Sábado,' by Benavente, suggestive and brilliant, like all his writings; 'Reinar despues de Morir,' an adaptation of a piece of Vélez de Guevara, executed with great talent by Señor Villegas; 'La Musa,' by Salvador Rueda, a play lyrical rather than dramatic; and 'El Loco Dios' and 'La Escalinata de un Trono,' plays by Echegaray, in which the indefatigable author of 'El Gran Galeoto' repeats once more the splendours of his style and is again guilty of his customary defects.

In concluding my account of light literature, I may call the attention of your readers to some volumes of verse which have appeared recently. I believe that one of the first places—if not absolutely the first—in this group belongs to a book called 'Musgo,' which is written by Señor Perés. Apart from his merit as a metrist and the intensity of his poetical inspiration, Señor Perés contributes to the Spanish Parnassus an original note—that of the feeling for nature—in a form which may be deemed novel among us, and which makes a profound impression on the reader. Two volumes by the illustrious Verdaguer, whose death we are deplored, have been brought out: one, 'Al Cel,' consisting of verses hitherto unpublished, the second, 'La Mellor Corona,' a select collection of compositions of various dates. Other two Catalans, Mestres and Iglesias, have strengthened their reputations with the poem 'En Miseria' and the series 'Ofrenes,' the latter exhibiting a highly poetical vein of lyricism. A new author, Señor Galán, has sung with deep feeling in 'Extremenias' the customs and the home of his native district. The well-known poet and journalist Eusebio Blasco, lately deceased, published not long ago the first volume of his complete 'Obras.' The collected edition of the writings of Campoamor, which includes

not merely his poetry, but also his prose, has reached its fifth volume. Señor Valera has finished his 'Florilegio de Poesías Castellanas del siglo XIX,' in the compilation of which he has proved himself, as usual, extremely benevolent. I may add to our young writers Don A. Machado, whose volume of 'Soledades' appertains to the school commonly dubbed "modernist."

Literary history, which among us can boast of glorious traditions, has been enriched by some contributions of which the merit is indisputable. Señor Menéndez y Pelayo has printed the opening instalment of his 'Tratado de los Romances viejos,' which completes and illustrates the collection of ballads published in his 'Antología de Poetas Líricos Castellanos,' and closes in masterly fashion the series of essays by Wolf, Duran, and other scholars. The young critic Menéndez Pidal, upon his entrance into the Spanish Academy, compiled an admirable monograph on the legend of the 'Condenado por Desconfiado' of Tirso de Molina. Señor Pérez Pastor has continued his inquiries regarding Cervantes, and presented us with a new series of 'Documentos Cervantinos hasta ahora inéditos,' which clear up various points in the career of the great author. Señor Serrano y Sanz has begun sundry 'Apuntes para una Biblioteca de Escritores Españoles desde 1401 al 1833,' a compilation which, besides bringing together several facts already known, will most assuredly contain new data of interest.

The same antiquary has published some very brief 'Noticias Biográficas de Fernando de Rojas y del Impresor Juan de Lucena.' Although by no means complete (the difficulty of enterprises of this sort is familiar), the 'Ensayo de una Biblioteca Literaria de España y América,' put together by Señor Elias de Molins, will be of real service to scholars. It consists of two parts, the one dealing with Castilian literature, the other with American. Those who take an interest in the modern revival of provincial literature will find valuable materials in 'La Literatura Gallega en el siglo XIX,' by Señor Carré, who adds to his historical sketch an abridged anthology. Prof. Farinelli, of the University of Innsbrück, a well-known authority on our literature, has printed the lecture he delivered at the Madrid Ateneo on 'España y su Literatura en el Extranjero a través de los Siglos.' It would be difficult to comprise in a few pages a more weighty sketch of the influence of Spanish genius upon the world, especially as regards *belles-lettres*. Lastly, I may mention a criticism of the present movement of thought, a singularly pleasant collection of essays by Don Juan Valera, entitled 'El Superhombré.'

The group of works referring to social, philosophical, and political questions, although limited, is of much interest. Three topics dominate it: the character of the Spanish people (both treated generally, and limited to one line of subjects), Spain's international relations, and the regional agitation. As regards the first, I myself have written a general study with the title 'Psicología del Pueblo Español,' which has a double purpose: on the one hand, to point out the inconsistency of the syntheses which many writers are apt to arrive at with excessive haste, and the difficulty

of coming to a conclusion to-day in so complicated a matter, and on the other to discuss the possibility of producing an intellectual renaissance in Spain. Other aspects of the problem are investigated in the treatise of Señor Unamuno, 'En Torno al Casticismo,' which is full of acute remarks, and of points of view deserving of further development. The political temper of the times has been treated of in masterly fashion by Señor Costa in his monograph 'Oligarquía y Cacicismo,' based upon a very full inquiry opened by the Ateneo of Madrid, in which politicians, journalists, professors, and magistrates worked together, painting a realistic and faithful picture of contemporary Spain. To the same class of books belongs a new production, 'Treinta Artículos,' by that admirable writer and critic Alfredo Calderón.

To the relations between Spain and America belongs the volume detailing the proceedings and labours of the 'Congreso Social y Económico Hispano-American de 1900,' a true programme of Spanish policy, the realization of which may represent the work of several generations. It is well to point out that this tome, large as it is, does not include all the documents presented and discussed at the Congress. There is missing, besides others, that sent in by a group of professors in the University of Oviedo, the conclusions of which on various topics were most favourably received by the American delegates.

The regional question continues to occupy statesmen, although recently, on account of the congressional elections, "Catalanismo" has met with very rough treatment. To it the following, among other publications, are devoted: 'El Regionalismo,' by Almirall; 'España en París,' by Vinardell; 'Regionalismo Militante,' by Ribalta; 'Del Regionalismo en Cataluña,' by Pons and Umbert; and 'El Sentimiento Catalánista,' by Maragall. In spite of this abundant literature and the many articles on the same topic to be found in the journals, there is still room for a book, impartial and supported by documentary evidence, to supply exact information to foreigners and to our own public on the character of the movement, especially in Catalonia. Interesting, as making known the impression created in Government circles by the labour problem, is the treatise styled 'El Instituto del Trabajo.' It deals with the scheme for creating such an institute formed by Señor Canalejas when he was minister, a scheme which failed of realization. The volume contains, in addition to an introduction in which Señor Canalejas explains his project, various chapters, dealing with theory or supported by documents, from the pens of Prof. Buyla and Prof. Posada, Señor Morote the journalist, and Señor Uña, a barrister. Another class of social questions is disposed of in the first instalment of the 'Anales de la Universidad de Oviedo,' in which an account is given of the inner life of the university (programmes, for example, methods of instruction, works of students), and of its external action in the way of "university extension," its scholastic colonies in vacations, the popular university, &c. In Valencia, where also an attempt at a popular university has been made, although

without organized courses such as exist at Oviedo, Prof. Azcarate delivered a beautiful introductory lecture upon 'The Neutrality of Science.'

Contributions to historical literature have been neither numerous nor particularly important. The most notable among them, and the most likely to attract foreign readers, are, I should say, the last volumes (there are fourteen in all) of the 'Guerra de la Independencia,' by General Gomez Arteche, and 'Documentos Inéditos que pertenecieron al General Castaños,' relating to the year 1808, brought out by Señor Elias de Molins; a conscientious essay, presenting some highly novel features, from the pen of Señor Chabas, upon the 'Genesis del Derecho Foral de Valencia'; a biography of 'El último Almirante de Castilla,' by Señor Fernández Duro, who further continues with great industry his monumental history of the 'Armada Española'; a 'Catalogo de una Colección de Impresos referentes a Cataluña,' from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, by Señor Andreu, a work to which the above-mentioned Señor Elias de Molins has made noteworthy additions in the *Revista Crítica*; the fourth volume of a 'Historia Genealógica y Heráldica de la Monarquía Española,' by Señor Fernández de Bethencourt; the fifth instalment of the important 'Historia de la Catedral de Santiago de Compostela,' by Lopez Ferreiro; a catalogue by Bravo of 'La Imprenta en León'; the 'Fragmentos de mis Memorias,' by Estévez, attractive to students of the political history of the nineteenth century; a monograph on the 'Biblioteca de la Catedral de Sevilla,' by Serrano y Ortega; a most useful 'Índice de Pruebas de los Caballeros que han vestido el hábito de Calatrava, Alcántara y Montesa desde el siglo XVI,' by Señores Vignau and Uhagon; the 'Catalogo de la Biblioteca Municipal de Madrid,' especially interesting for the history of the stage; the 'Relación Documentada del Viaje de Hernando de Magallanes y Juan Sebastian del Cano,' by Llorens; the monograph upon the 'Orígenes y Estado Actual de la Biblioteca del Instituto de Jovellanos,' by Martinez Elorza; and the solid study of Elias de Molina upon 'La Historia en Cataluña en el siglo XVIII.' I must note the collection relating to Charles of Austria and Elizabeth of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel at Barcelona and Girona put together by Señor Carreras; and as an instance of the application of modern studies to ancient texts, the curious 'Ensayo Sociológico sobre un Código de la Edad Media,' by Señor Güell, the subject of which is the 'Costumbres de Peralada.' In respect to documents, the leading publications are 'Nuevos Autógrafos de Cristóbal Colón y Relaciones de Ultramar,' by the librarian of the Duchess of Alba; and the 'Relaciones Topográficas de España,' relating to the province of Guadalajara. They are inserted in the forty-first volume of the 'Memorial Histórico,' and are accompanied by notes by Señor Catalina García. A fresh instalment has appeared of the 'Manual de Novells Ardits' of the Corporation of Barcelona. It covers the years 1621 to 1631.

Reprints of our ancient literature have been numerous. Among them figure works of Velez de Guevara, Salas Barbadillo, Val-

ladores, Lope, Raimundo Lulio (a reprint issued in Palma), Jordi de Sant Jordi, &c.

RAFAEL ALTAMIRA.

LITERATURE

Wordsworth. By Walter Raleigh. (Arnold.) It has been Wordsworth's lot, not merely to provoke most readily of all poets that kind of criticism which is analogous to the scoffer's loud, vacant horse-laugh; not merely to excite in minds grave and candid as Lockhart's (for example) that half-petulant, half-bewildered opposition which bespeaks a puzzled impatience of his claims; but also to stimulate thoughtful and independent critics to some of their profoundest and most original work. Doubtless Wordsworth suffered many things at the hands of undiscerning and self-complacent judges—a circumstance, by the way, for which the ill-timed theorizing and hasty generalizations of the preface of 1800 must be held largely accountable. But despite the persistent detraction that dogged his steps and delayed the hour of his success, the poet cannot be deemed unhappy who, at an early stage of his career, found an interpreter and apologist in the author of the 'Biographie Literaria'; and, from the days of Coleridge onwards, what a long succession of distinguished names is associated with the study and exposition of Wordsworth's verse! Lamb, Hazlitt, and De Quincey, Arthur Clough, Aubrey de Vere, and Matthew Arnold, Roden Noel, Walter Bagehot, Richard Hutton, Frederick Myers, Sir Leslie Stephen, and Mr. Swinburne, Prof. Dowden, and M. Emile Legouis, of Lyons—to mention but a few of the more prominent—surely the man whose poetry could command the service of such brains and pens as these must have been something more than what Byron pretended to find him, a mere literary crank, dealing in homespun theories and still homelier verses.

Prof. Raleigh's study of Wordsworth is marked by the keen aesthetic sensibility and the gift of phrase which appeared in somewhat exaggerated forms in his essay on 'Style,' and with greater maturity and reserve in the study of Milton. His critical method is, so to speak, ancillary and interpretive rather than judicial. He does not seek to assay the quality of the poet's product by recognized artistic standards, or to investigate his claims by the aid of established canons of criticism, but, eschewing utterly all "eternal principles, formulas, summaries, and shibboleths," he steps down from the judgment seat to wait upon the poet as he works, watches his verse in its evolution, and studies the process at every stage, if haply he may so attain to grasp the poet's secret, and catch at least a steady glimpse of the poet's golden vision:—

"All poetry begins from the beginning; it creates its own world, and presents the eternally novel matter of experience in words that charm the ear of the simplest listener. Criticism must do the same; it must follow the poet, if he gives any token of being worth the following, step by step, recreating his experiences, hanging on his words, disciplining itself to the measure of his paces, believing in him and living with him, until, looking back on the way that it has been led, it shall be able to say

whether the adventure is good and the goal worthy."

The story of Wordsworth's great poetic adventure is, to all intents, the tale (told by the adventurer himself in 'The Prelude') of his first thirty years. Hence Prof. Raleigh, following the main lines of 'The Prelude,' gives in his earlier chapters an account of the poet's childhood and education; of the hopes begotten in him by the French Revolution, their collapse, and the perilous drifting that ensued; of his escape from the dark sea of thought and passion back to the old joyous life of eye and ear, and of the parts severally played in the work of rescue by his sister Dorothy and his friend Coleridge:—

"This restoration of the life of the senses after the dark tyranny of a life of abstract thought is the turning-point of Wordsworth's career. To understand it is to have the key to his poetry and to his theories concerning the function of poetry. Even the question of poetic diction takes its meaning and interest from this crisis, when the world of common perception came back upon the man like a revelation, and the forms of daily speech seemed fraught with inexhaustible meaning. Henceforward the searchings of the intellect and all the apparatus of means and ends are discredited and done with, swallowed up in the mere wonder of living.....The thing almost defies explanation, for since the change that made the poet was the discovery of a new way of seeing and feeling, the categories of a language that has been hammered into shape for the purposes of thinking, reasoning, and expounding are quite beside the mark.....The difficulty is Wordsworth's own, no less than his critic's; he found language ill-suited to be the vehicle of his message, and after a few years of heroic effort to convert it to his uses, after some splendid half-successes which give him his unique place in English poetry, and some brave futile attempts at a forlorn hope, he bowed to defeat and subdued his hand to what it worked in."

In this task of expounding to "the general" Wordsworth's profound and mystical autobiography Prof. Raleigh has been anticipated by the accomplished French student of English literature, Prof. Émile Legouis, whose comprehensive and luminous essay, 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' published in 1896, marked an important advance in the sympathetic interpretation of Wordsworth's poetry. The two "studies" have, inevitably, much in common—so much, indeed, that in the chapters aforesaid Prof. Raleigh, who possesses an admirable gift of concise exposition, often seems to be presenting a summary of his predecessor's detailed and elaborate commentary. Here, of course, no question of plagiarism arises. From Coleridge to M. Legouis, many excellent things have been said about Wordsworth's poetry, and Prof. Raleigh, as in duty bound, has informed and fortified his judgment by reading the earlier critics, to many of whom—especially, perhaps, to the two here named—he would no doubt readily admit his indebtedness. But though, in the earlier part of his book, he traverses in a more cursory manner the country which M. Legouis has so thoroughly explored, Prof. Raleigh is—as Sir Leslie Stephen, in another connexion, observed of him—"a thoroughly independent thinker, who accepts no dictum without careful scrutiny." Moreover, he brings to the whole subject a fresh and thoroughly individual study of the poems themselves.

Thus, for instance, his comparison of 'Peter Bell' with 'The Ancient Mariner' (pp. 74-9) is a most original and suggestive contribution to criticism. Again, his remarks on the famous passage—

the gleam,
The light that never was, on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

—lines constantly quoted apart from their context, and habitually misinterpreted of the *lumen siccum* of the Imagination, whereas in truth they describe the illusive colours and flattering falsifications of Fancy—evince not only independence of judgment, but also a power of subtle interpretive insight:—

"The poet, first of all, is a seer.....To feel deeply and sanely and wisely in the presence of things seen is what he teaches; but first, to see them.....Wordsworth does injustice to himself by describing the poet [in the preface of 1800] as one who throws 'a certain colouring of the imagination' over common incidents and situations. The working of his own imagination, so long as it remained pure and strong, is ill compared to painting or to any light but the whitest. In his 'Elegiac Stanzas' suggested by a picture of Peel Castle he expounds his creed more justly.....It is by the daylight of truth, not by 'the light that never was, on sea or land,' that the poet desires to look upon the things of earth. The happiness that is to be pitied is blind happiness, which nourishes itself on its own fancies. The happiness that is to be coveted is the happiness of fearless vision, 'and frequent sights of what is to be borne.'"

"The greatness of Wordsworth's best work derives from this calm and almost terrible strength.....These qualities.....give its inspired simplicity to his style. His strength makes no demonstration; his reserve is so complete as to be almost inexpressive. There is an indissoluble self-possession, as of the mountains, in the poems of his prime. The poems written in Germany on the unknown Lucy show this quality at its highest.....[Prof. Raleigh quotes "A slumber did my spirit seal"; and proceeds:—] It is impossible to speak of the style of such a poem as this; for a style is something habitual, and here is a unique feat of strength, the achievement of a lifetime. Yet Wordsworth, if he never equalled it again, came near it so often that he has almost earned the right to a definition of his style as a continuous fabric of great imaginative moments. Many suitors of the Muse have tried to draw his bow since the strength and cunning of his own hand failed, and none of them is strong enough."

It is, perhaps, in the chapter on 'Poetic Diction,' from which our last quotation is taken, that Prof. Raleigh's critical prowess is chiefly seen. Here, indeed, we dare aver, is the last word upon a knotty question much and hotly discussed both before and since 1817—the date of the 'Biographia'—yet never till now handled with irresistible and convincing power. Wordsworth's practice, all are agreed, was inconsistent with the principles set forth in his prefaces. At this point, however, opinions diverge: according to some, when Wordsworth writes well he breaks his own rules; and when he writes ill, it is implied, he keeps them. "But the fact is," rejoins Prof. Raleigh, "that Wordsworth hardly ever observes his own rules, and the poems in which he most nearly observes them are often among his best."

The standard of style which Wordsworth, when writing the preface, had in his mind resembled that adopted by the well-bred, courtly poets of the seventeenth century—

the "neutral style," as Coleridge calls it—the style of "natural, easy Suckling" and his compeers. But this resemblance was superficial and accidental merely, for Wordsworth "valued colloquial forms and phrases not as the chosen vehicle of sound sense and habitual feeling, but as the most sincere expression of deep and rare passions." It is, then, the merest coincidence that ranges Wordsworth, in respect of diction, alongside of "the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease." Again, the success of the "neutral style" in poetry depends largely on the strict observance of the idiom and the cadence of every-day speech. If these be maintained, an uncolloquial word here and there will not materially disturb the total effect. In Ben Jonson's stanza "Drink to me only with thine eyes," for example, not only the diction, but also the turn and the cadence of the phrase are those of ordinary speech. But it is just here that Wordsworth stumbles:—

"In the simpler numbers of the 'Lyrical Ballads' he offends continually against prose standards of speech. The prose choice of words is, in the main, observed. But the prose order is broken, not for the sake of emphasis or melody, but from the constraint imposed by metre and rhyme. Now, for the preservation of that simplicity and sincerity which he valued so highly, the prose order of words is much more important than the prose choice of words. A phrase that lives in common speech becomes absurd when its component parts are tumbled and disarranged; and this absurdity, which could easily be avoided by any master of metre, is largely responsible for the distresses felt by the reader of the 'Lyrical Ballads.'"

Where, in Wordsworth's earlier poems, we get the impression rather of a laboured and artificial simpleness than of a natural simplicity, there, in nine cases out of ten, we shall find the cause to lie in the exigencies of the rhyme.

Space forbids our following any further the masterly argument of this brilliant chapter. To our praise of the whole book we have but a single qualifying word to add. One aspect—incomparably the noblest and loftiest, we admit—still, one aspect only of Wordsworth's poetry is here presented to us. Prof. Raleigh expounds at large "the music, and the bloom, and all the mighty ravishment of spring"; of the sober autumn of the poet's genius, which has a beauty and value all its own, he says little or nothing. In one place, indeed, he appears to us to fall into a serious error concerning the poetry of 1820-50: "Of the perfecting of craftsmanship," he writes,

"Wordsworth had always thought lightly; so that from those exercises of the mind, which abide and progress when the heyday is over in the blood, and the senses are dulled by use, he derived no consolation in his old age. He had undervalued Art, and Art, which is long, took its slow revenge upon him."

Whoever says this seems to overlook a large body of poems of a rare dignity of utterance, and frequently of a diaphanous beauty of workmanship. "Nothing," writes Prof. Dowden,

"is more characteristic of Wordsworth's genius than the calm and clear illumination which followed its hours of morning and of noon. We do not know him aright until our spirits can join with his in an evening voluntary."

Prof. Raleigh, absorbed in the study of Wordsworth the seer, ignores, if, indeed, he does not deny the very existence of, Wordsworth (we say it boldly) the artist. Let our last word, however, be one not of complaint, but rather of praise and cordial thanks for this sane and stimulating book.

NEW NOVELS.

A Burgher Quixote. By Douglas Blackburn. (Blackwood & Sons.)

AMONG the numerous recent stories of South African life Mr. Blackburn's clever and witty studies of Boer character deserve to take a distinguished place. In the story now before us he draws a striking picture of a very unheroical Boer, already known to fame as the nominal author of Mr. Blackburn's amusing 'Prinsloo of Prinsloo'sdorp.' Sarel Erasmus indicated enough of his own character in that brilliant little book to make the reader anticipate entertainment in the relation of

"the struggles after righteousness of a once *oprecht* burgher of the late South African Republic, with a full account of the temptations that assailed him at the hands of the clever and educated wicked, and in the end brought about his fall."

Sarel Erasmus was a public prosecutor in the Transvaal before the war, and draws a pathetic picture of himself as a man that has had losses through the singular ill-treatment which he experienced at the hands of his ignorant countrymen, and even of the haughty British, who failed to recognize that he had been, "as a Don Quixote, fighting on behalf of Great Britain against the folly and ignorance that have caused such loss and suffering." Mr. Blackburn has a pretty gift of satirical characterization, and his book is an amusing study of the lower kind of Boer character. The picture of old Paul du Plooy, a Dopper of the sternest kind, forms a good foil to the character of the very unheroic hero, whilst the adventurer Andries and his cattle-dealing experiences afford plenty of humorous incident.

Beggar's Manor. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (Heinemann.)

THE best thing about this book is its skilfully created atmosphere of English country life. The fresh air of Derbyshire moor, clough, and "edge" breathes from its pages, and the reader feels the charm of sunshiny leisure, quaint olden music, ancient homesteads dignified in spite of decrepitude, and the simple chatter of village folk. For the story itself there is not very much to be said. The heir of Beggar's Manor is a rather weak young man, who, for the sake of an exaggerated chivalry, enters into a nominal marriage with one girl while he is in love with another. His evil genius, however, deserts him after a time, and hero and heroine are left within sight of happiness. For the first few pages the constant recurrence of dashes has a curiously abrupt effect, but gradually the stream of composition flows more smoothly, and the reader is borne along pleasantly, though without strong emotion of any kind, to the end.

A Son of the Fleet. By Mrs. E. Kennard. (White & Co.)

The lady responsible for this production has been known to the patrons of circulating libraries for some time, but the naïve gusto with which this book is written would do credit to the latest girl *débutante* in the journalistic school of fiction. It is a gossipy account of the doings of a father and mother whose son, a naval officer, is stricken with typhoid at Malta. The anxious parents make their way to the Mediterranean station to nurse their son, and their little adventures and impressions are described with as much freshness as if they were on some hitherto unheard-of island. Doubtless the book will win admirers. It is full of sentences like the following :—

"Vainly she tried to woo sleep, but towards dawn she fell into a troubled slumber."

"Even Mr. Bosanquet could not disguise his agitation. As for his wife, she was visibly affected."

"What a beautiful nosegay!" she exclaimed, plunging her nostrils into the fragrant petals."

"Children abounded, and the rising generation were much in evidence."

But if the phrases are from an exhausted stock, the sentiments are fresh as paint, the style as frankly gushing as that of any school miss.

The Lake of Gold. By George Griffith. (White & Co.)

THIS tale of the Anglo-American conquest of Europe is such stuff as dreams are made of—those waking dreams of a firelit winter (or early June) afternoon, which scatter and disperse hurriedly before the advent of the housemaid with the post. Romancers have long dreamed of wondrous riches, and equally of marvellous inventions to navigate air and sea. Mr. Griffith is whole-hearted in his determination to leave nothing undone by his hero. Paul Kingston, in whom aptly meet the strains of the two English-speaking nations, and who is additionally and incidentally connected with an English peerage, is at eighteen a remarkable person. He devises an airship, a submarine boat, and also an express transmarine vessel without funnels, capable of beating the Atlantic greyhounds. Nay, more, during his aerial flights across Tierra del Fuego, he finds a lake of gold, which forthwith puts his mother, his business-like step-father, and himself in the position of multi-millionaires, and in the potential control of the world. This seems a little like piling Pelion on Ossa. However, in our dream we skip gaily along with the narrative; witness with delight Mr. Marvin's campaign against the Trusts, and the consequent collapse of the markets; and thrill loyally when His Majesty King Edward deigns to inspect the airship personally, and make affable remarks. For this is of a piece with Mr. Griffith's boldness, that he has no hesitation about the introduction of living people, sometimes under flimsy aliases. To wit, there is Mr. Dumont Lawson of the great Iron and Steel Corporation, who has to eat humble pie, and there is his lieutenant Mr. Schmidt, whose very appearance is described. There is also the Kaiser, who is affable like King Edward, but for all that learns a lesson or two; for the

syndicate of Messrs. Marvin and Kingston, who in an amiable way let in a duke ("on the ground floor," we believe is the right phrase), undertakes the noble task of imposing peace on the world; and if the nations will not keep peace, well, they had better look out. So the old adage holds, *si vis pacem, para bellum*. But, of course, the syndicate triumphs, and there is finally an empress of the air to dazzle our eyes; which all of a sudden we sit up and rub—for the housemaid has come with the post.

Scrupule de Vierge. By Henry Rabusson. (Paris, Bibliothèque Charpentier.)

M. RABUSSON'S new book is one of his best, but contains a cruel portrait of M. Brunetiére, the famous editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Decent in his new departure, at his new publishers', M. Rabusson cannot be called.

L'Énervée. By Maxime Formont. (Paris, Alphonse Lemerre.)

'L'ÉNERVÉE' is another book of talent, dealing with the wickedness of another perverse girl.

Mariage Romanesque. By Marguerite Poradowska. (Paris, Plon-Nourrit.)

A NOVEL of a very different type is 'Mariage Romanesque,' which is suitable for general reading, and displays, like some other books by the same writer, a profound knowledge of South-Eastern Europe. The scene is laid in the Bukovina, among the mixed population—partly Polish, partly Rouman, and partly Russian—subject to this province to the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The volume is more Polish in tone than is suitable to a strict view of the Franco-Russian alliance.

TWO BOOKS ON INDIA.

A FASCINATING book is *L'Inde*, by Pierre Loti (Paris, Calmann-Lévy); sad also it is, in a measure (as are many of his works), for the journey to Ceylon and India seems to have been undertaken seriously, by way of pilgrimage, on the chance that the wisdom of the East might dispel the doubts and difficulties of the West. He set forth as a student obeying the command "Cherchez et vous trouverez"; and though it is sufficiently evident that previous search had failed to satisfy, he still had hope, and as he sailed in the Red Sea, by day he found more light, the night even being less obscure, and with it peace came :—

"On dirait une sollicitude, une pitié d'en haut, qui peu à peu s'épandraient sur nos âmes pardonnées.....Mon Dieu, puissent-ils un peu m'en convaincre, de cette sollicitude et de cette pitié, les Sages de l'Inde, auprès, de quels je m'en vais !"

Pierre Loti landed at Ceylon and visited Anuradhapura, the ancient capital, now in ruins, buried under the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics—all vividly described. Here he sought, but did not find, and his conclusion was that Buddhism was as dead and buried as the city before his eyes.

Thence he crossed to India, and paid a visit to the Maharaja of Travancore, to whom he was commissioned to convey a French decoration, which duty, so far as may be gathered from the description, he seems to have performed without the assistance of the Government of India or any of its officials. Indeed, his consistent ignoring of the English in India, and the implication that their rule is callous and unsympathetic, detracts from the value of his observations, which are often correct. Loti was, of course, an honoured

guest, and had every facility for seeing the sights of the country, of which his descriptions are as faithful as they are graphic. The Maharaja sent his band to play; men, instruments, and programme were carefully inspected, with the result that he prepared himself for a terrible ordeal: "Quels sons terribles vont sans doute produire des instruments de cette taille, et quel tapage, ces tam-tams!" But the result was otherwise, and the description merits quotation. Those who have heard the higher class of native performance will testify to its truth :—

"Est-ce commencé, leur concert? Vraiment il semblerait que oui, à les voir si graves, si attentifs et s'observant les un les autres. Mais on n'entend presque rien.....Ah! si! Une petite note haute, à peine perceptible à l'oreille, longuement prolongée comme au début de l'ouverture de 'Lohengrin,' et puis qui se dédouble, se complique, se transforme en un murmure rythmé, sans faire plus de bruit pour cela.....Mais quelle surprise extrême, cette musique presque silencieuse, qui s'échappe de cordes si puissantes!.....Des bourdonnements de mouches emprisonnées dans la main, dirait-on, des frôlements d'ailes de phalènes contre une vitre, ou des agonies de libellules."

Gradually the volume of sound is increased, the strings vibrate, the tom-toms are beaten, the noise is deafening, when of a sudden "tout s'apaise, et le quasi silence retombe." From Travancore Loti passed on to the Carnatic via Cochin, and saw the wonderful temples dedicated to Vishnu and Siva, visiting many of the places described by Pierre Suau in 'L'Inde Tamoule' (*Athen.*, No. 3906, September 6th, 1902). Thence he went northwards to the famine-stricken lands, Haiderabad, Rajputana, and Central India, turning to Madras to visit the Theosophists, from whom he expected spiritual guidance. He was disappointed, and finally went towards Benares, taking a circuitous route in order to see Agra, Delhi, and something of the country till lately known as the North-Western Provinces. He quickly noticed the change from Southern India—mosques replacing pagodas, the chaste, almost severe architecture of the Musulman being substituted for Hindu profusion.

Now it so happens that this latter part of Pierre Loti's wanderings was to some extent followed by Mr. Oscar Browning, who in *Impressions of Indian Travel* (Hodder & Stoughton) has put down on paper what occurred to him at the moment. Consequently comparison of their descriptions of the same places and of similar scenes is natural and instructive. But before making it readers should recollect that the travellers visited India in different circumstances; the one representing himself as a humble pilgrim, not in the clutches of Giant Despair, but far from being relieved of his burden; the other invited apparently to India to discuss certain questions "which are now occupying the attention of the Government," an invitation accepted and utilized, business being combined with pleasure. The latter probably predominated; experiences and countries were new, all enjoyable to one who seems not unduly disposed to doubt or introspection, and is even inclined to be, within the limits besetting a don, occasionally playful. During the voyage out Mr. Browning formed the impression that nothing is more beautiful than a Somali, a sentiment which recalls that of the drill-sergeant who considered a well-shouldered musket the most picturesque object in nature. He visited Calcutta under favourable conditions as the Viceroy's guest, and from that city excursions were arranged, his return being made by Benares, Agra, Delhi, and Baroda to Bombay. The final chapter contains expressions of the author's views concerning the seclusion of women, caste, the form of government best suited to India, and the Indian Civil Service, together with hints to travellers. Like winter visitors, he scarcely appreciates the

sun's power at other seasons, a brief experience of which would satisfy his everlasting longing to bask "in the full effulgence of its beams." His little book, however, is healthy in tone, contrasting in this respect favourably with many parts of the work of the great French writer, on whose nerves the cawing of crows ("le croassement éternel"), the eagles, vultures, kites, the dust, and still more, though less mentioned, the English ("nos hostiles voisins"), had an irritating effect.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Poetical Works of John Milton, edited, with Critical Notes, by Dr. Aldis Wright, have just been issued by the Cambridge University Press, which is now paying special attention to reviving English classics. The book is excellently printed, and Dr. Wright has shown all possible zeal in collating the text. His preface is a neat and complete summary of bibliographical information, and the critical notes show the most thorough investigation, several variants of interest being due to records in Milton's own hand preserved at Cambridge. Altogether this is a model edition, though we do not think the binding of Cambridge light blue equal to the Oxford dark blue in appearance. The volume is also sent to us bound in limp green leather, and reduced in size by the use of India paper, and in this form will be equally attractive to Miltonians and lovers of the beautiful.

Caliban's Guide to Letters, by Hilaire Belloc (Duckworth & Co.), is the seventh volume of the "Greenback Library," and upon the whole almost worthy of its place in a series remarkable for the level of cleverness it maintains. After some amusing mock press opinions, we read on the title-page: "The Aftermath; or, Gleanings from a Busy Life.....called upon the outer cover, for purposes of sale, 'Caliban's Guide to Letters,' by H. B." Then come further skits of press notices, and then the following dedication:—

"To Catherine, Mrs. Caliban, but for whose fruitful suggestion, ever-ready sympathy, powers of observation, kindly criticism, unflinching courage, catholic learning, and none the less Christian principle, this book might as well not have been written, and it dedicated by her obedient and grateful servant and friend in affliction, the Author."

We gather that most of the sketches which follow have already appeared in the *Speaker*. At the end of the volume is a comic index, in which, under scores of fanciful heads, one is referred to the same page of the book, one dealing with "Pulping": "A book is said to be pulped when it is sold at so many pence the thousand copies to the pulpers for pulping." We are given an entertaining description of the process by which books in their thousands are reduced "into a kind of loose paste":—

"The patriotic reader will be pleased to hear that whereas of existing German books barely 35 per cent. are pulped within the year, of French books not 27 per cent., and of Italian but 15 per cent.; of our total production — which is far larger — no less than 73 per cent. are restored to their original character of useful blank paper within the year, ready to receive further impressions of Human Genius and to speed on its accelerated round the progress of Mankind. Amen."

That is how this clever little book ends. In the beginning is a preface, followed by an introduction. Then come half a dozen articles under such headings as 'Reviewing,' 'The Short Story,' 'Political Appeals,' 'On Revelations,' &c. It is more than mere fooling; it is justifiable and pleasant satire. There is a point to Mr. Belloc's irony, but he is very good-humoured and youthful withal, and he is amusing. It is said that English readers never appreciate irony. We hope that a good many will give themselves the opportunity of enjoying this pleasing little specimen of it.

Old Days in Diplomacy, a volume on the career of Sir Edward Cromwell Disbrowe, by his daughter (Jarrold & Sons), has a good deal of interest, though not much real importance. The first point which amused us was a letter from Queen Charlotte to Sir Edward Disbrowe's father, of which a facsimile is given. The letter is a more interesting study in the indirect style of writing, often adopted by kings and queens, than any with which we are acquainted, and it is strange not only in style, but also in spelling. It is followed by a letter from a servant, who himself said that, while he knew all the European tongues, he was not a master of any, which is remarkably good, and thoroughly deserves perusal. It describes the whole of the winter campaign of 1813-14, and then runs on over the years 1819-46, and especially those from 1819 to 1824. The peculiarities of the style do not destroy the charm of the descriptions of this excellent Swiss. We note a request by Sir Edward Disbrowe for permission to wear the Windsor uniform in the Peninsula, "as a military coat is not quite the thing for a civilian here." It is often said that the Windsor uniform ought never to be used away from Windsor; but up to about the time of the marriage of the present King it was occasionally worn by members of the household at London functions, and Sir Edward Disbrowe's letter shows that in earlier times it was, by leave, worn elsewhere. The author or editor of the volume has a note with regard to King Jerome's children which concludes: "King Jerome's daughter Mathilde was well known in later years as the beautiful Princess Demidoff." These words seem to imply that the very sturdy life at the present moment of Princess Mathilde in Paris is ignored or forgotten. It is, indeed, a long time since she was known by her married name of Princess Demidoff, and she is by no means the lady to depart willingly from her proper style of "Imperial Highness." There are a good many mistakes and misprints in the volume, of which one of the most serious gives the name of the Russian commander-in-chief Barclay de Tolly as, in the first place, "Bauley de Jolly," and afterwards "General Bauley." A curious mistake describes the name of the Viceroy of Italy as "Eugenie."

We fancy that a good many people who read through the libretto of 'Die Walküre' previous to seeing the opera do not get more than a hazy notion of what it is all about. In future they need only turn to *The Valkyries*, by E. F. Benson (Dean & Son) — we do not quite see why the singular number should not have been retained in the title — where they will find Wagner's story told clearly and intelligibly and without undue elaboration. So much, at least, may be said in praise of the book, whatever may be thought of its other claims to excellence. Mr. Benson expresses a hope that

"even those who are familiar with the gigantic music may find in the story something which, even when rendered into homely prose, will reveal to them some new greatness of the master-mind of its author."

and holds that, "because the theme is so great, any interpretation, even that of halting prose, may be unable to miss certain of the force of the original." His experiment is certainly interesting, and he has shown a great deal of superficial cleverness in carrying it out; the "romance" has been put together with much ingenuity, and reads wonderfully smoothly. But there is little genuine warmth of any kind in it, and it fails to stir the heart or imagination as it ought. "Homely" and "halting" are the last adjectives we should apply to Mr. Benson's prose style, which is, on the contrary, florid and only too fatally fluent. Thus the primitive spirit of the story is marred by artificial touches,

and the dramatic vigour and movement are lost in the easy glibness of the narrative. Indeed, the book almost unavoidably falls between two stools: it lacks the largeness of the epic, and cannot retain the glamour of the opera. The illustrations, by Mr. T. Noyes Lewis, are effective enough in a rather obvious way.

In *La Bruyère and Vauvenargues*, by Elizabeth Lee (Constable & Co.), only one-eighth of La Bruyère's 'Characters' has been translated, almost a third of the book being occupied by an introduction. As the selections from La Bruyère mainly consist of the sketches after the manner of Theophrastus and the English character-writers, they give scarcely a hint of that variety, in matter as well as in manner, which makes 'Les Caractères, ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle,' as complete and impressive a picture of French society in the latter half of the seventeenth century as are the 'Memoirs' of Saint-Simon. More interest attaches to the selections from Vauvenargues's 'Réflexions et Maximes,' which might well have been enlarged at the expense of some examples of his inferior character-studies. For in spite of the fact that Vauvenargues's diction is easier to turn into English than that of La Bruyère, his work is not commonly known in England. The passages contained in the book under notice are given in a fairly idiomatic English style. We observe some casual renderings. For instance, "To praise moderately is always a sign of mediocrity" scarcely means the same thing as "C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément."

MR. EDGAR WALL publishes through Mr. Edward Stanford *The British Empire Year-Book for 1903*, a statistical volume of reference, the chief merits of which are that it possesses a good index, and that it gives lists of the members of the Houses of various colonial Legislatures which are not easy to find elsewhere. The mere statistics are mostly to be found in other publications, but it is perhaps convenient to have them brought together.

MR. ALLEN UPWARD's new story, *The Log of the Folly*, may amuse some sailing people, but is not at all up to the level of those contained in his 'Secrets of the Courts of Europe.' The publishers are Messrs. Isbister & Co.

THE Librairie Plon has sent us *Souvenirs de la Colonne Seymour*, an excellent volume by a French midshipman on the attempt of Admiral Seymour to relieve the legations at Pekin. It is thoroughly to be commended from every point of view. The author's name is Jean de Pontevès.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH.
Theology.

Catechetical Oration of Gregory of Nyssa, edited by J. H. Rawley, cr. 8vo, 5/- net.
Dawson (J.), Pictures of Christ framed in Prayers, 16mo, 3/- Steffe (F. M.), Monasteries and Religious Houses of Great Britain and Ireland, cr. 8vo, 6/- Unwritten Sayings of Christ, Notes by C. G. Griffiths, cr. 8vo, 3/- net.

Law.

Jelf (B. A.), Fifteen Decisive Battles of the Law, 3/- net.
Morice (G. T.), English and Roman-Dutch Law, 27/- net.

Fine Art and Archaeology.

Andreen (J.), Chip Carving Patterns, 4to, sewed, 7/- net.
Annual of the British School of Athens, Session 1901-2, 4to, boards, 17/- net.
Cooke (G. A.), A Text-Book of North-Semitic Inscriptions, 8vo, 16/- net.

Poetry and the Drama.

Newton (E.), A Book of Country Houses, folio, 2/- net.
Steeley (F.), Nature Drawing and Design, Part 2, 2/- net.

Philosophy.

Dante: Inferno and other Translations, by H. Wilberforce, cr. 8vo, 6/- net.
Morris (W.), The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems, 12mo, 1/- net.

Political Economy.

Bonar (J.), Elements of Political Economy, cr. 8vo, 4/- Booth (C.), Life and Labour of the People in London, First Volume, 8vo, 5/- net.

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H. J.
Aristot
Notes
Huri

Akswit
Arnold
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Bacon (I
Birch (C
Them
Buchet
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Griffith
Roembe
W. W

Altahab
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SAM WELLER'S SONG IN 'PICKWICK.'

The ever-fascinating 'Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club' (a copy of which, in the original numbers, attained the record price of 142/- at Messrs. Sotheby's short time since) continues to offer material for bibliographical research, notwithstanding the mass of literature already existing which bears upon the subject. What may be described as the latest "discovery" in the matter of 'Pickwick' is the fact that Sam Weller's 'Romance,' as sung by him before the assembled coachmen, was not written by Dickens, but merely adapted by him from a ballad entitled 'Turpin and the Bishop,' forming part of a story called 'Harry Halter the Highwayman,' which is to be found in "Gaieties and Gravities: a Series of Essays, Comic Tales, and Fugitive Vagaries. Now First Collected. By one of the Authors of 'Rejected Addresses.' In Three Volumes. London: Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1825." In the British Museum Catalogue the authorship of this work is attributed to Horatio Smith, and in the preface it is stated that "of the following Papers, the greater part have already been published, mostly in the *New Monthly Magazine*." The story of 'Harry Halter' is included in vol. ii. (p. 146, &c.), and the song (consisting of six verses) is led up to thus:—

"The Wig and Water Spaniel in Monmouth-street was his [Harry Halter's] favourite haunt in London.....Here, with his two friends Ned Nose and Old Charley Crapse.....Harry has sate behind many a pint of purl, arranging the plans of innumerable burglaries which figure in the annals of those days, or singing the ballad of

TURPIN AND THE BISHOP.

Bold Turpin upon Hounslow Heath
His black mare Bess bestrode,
When he saw a Bishop's coach and four
Sweeping along the road;
He bade the coachman stop, but he,
Suspecting of the job,
His horse lash'd—but soon roll'd off,
With a brace of slugs in his nob.

Galloping to the carriage-door,
He thrust his face within,
When the Chaplain said—"Sure as eggs is eggs,
That is the bold Turpin."
Quoth Turpin, "You shall eat your words
With sauce of leaden bullet";
So he clapp'd his pistol to his mouth,
And fired it down his gullet.

The Bishop fell upon his knees,
When Turpin bade him stand,
And gave him his watch, a bag of gold,
And six bright rings round and round;
Rolling with laughter, Turpin pluck'd
The Bishop's wig from his head,
And popp'd it on the Chaplain's poll,
As he sat in the corner dead.

Upon the box he tied him then,
With the reins behind his back,
Put a pipe in his mouth, the whip in his hand,
And set off the horses smack!
Then whisp'rd in his black mare's ear,
Who luckily wasn't fagg'd.
'You must gallop fast and far, my dear,
Or I shall be surely stragg'd.'

He never drew bit, nor stopp'd to bait,
Nor walk'd up hill or down,
Until he came to Gloucester's gate,
Which is the Assizes town.
Full eighty miles in one dark night,
He made his black mare fly,
And walk'd into Court at nine o'clock
To swear to an Alibi.

A hue and cry the Bishop raised,
And so did Sheriff Foster,
But staved to hear that Turpin was
By nine o'clock at Gloucester.
So all agreed it couldn't be him,
Neither by hook nor crook;
And said that the Bishop and Chaplain was
Most certainly mistook.

It is obvious, I think, that Dickens had read these lines, which were printed some eleven years prior to the publication of the first number of 'Pickwick,' and put them in a condensed and otherwise altered form into the mouth of Sam. Unaware of this fact when compiling my recently published volume, 'The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens,' I included therein the 'Romance,' which in future must be regarded as an adaptation rather than as an original composition. For this "discovery" I am indebted to a Leeds correspondent, who thinks that Dickens may have been inspired by an imperfect

recollection of Horatio Smith's burlesque ballad, written in imitation of those broadside ballads having Turpin as a hero, among them being one called 'O Rare Turpin.'

In the same work, 'Gaieties and Gravities,' I came across a set of twelve verses entitled 'To a Log of Wood upon the Fire.' These are curiously suggestive of Mrs. Leo Hunter's remarkable 'Ode to an Expiring Frog' (vide 'Pickwick,' ch. xv.). The following are the second and tenth verses:—

Foor Log! I cannot hear thee sigh,
And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,
To warm a Poet,
Without evincing thy success,
And as thou wanest less and less,
Inditing a farewell address,
To let thee know it.

'Twere vain to ask; for doom'd to fall,
The day appointed for us all
O'er thee suspended:
The hatchet with remorseless blow,
First laid thee in the forest low,
Then cut thee into logs—and so
Thy course was ended.

With such evidence before us, is it not probable that this collection of essays, &c., was familiar to Dickens, who availed himself of the foregoing verses for Pickwickian purposes?

F. G. KITTON.

'SOCIAL ORIGINS.'

MR. LANG's rejoinder to the review of his book does not convince me. I may be permitted a word or two in reply on each point.

1. I think the word "tribe" is apt to be confused, not with the Roman *tribus*, perhaps, but with the tribe which was the basis of the early Indo-European social origins. And I think Mr. Lang so confuses it, for he does not scruple to bring in illustration of earliest human society examples from Scottish tribes and Greek tribes, without perceiving that the earliest social unit was essentially local, while the tribe was essentially a kinship group.

2. It is true that Mr. Lang modifies his definition of family by his prefatory note; but here, again, I get no help, for I cannot accept that the primitive association described by Mr. Lang is the germ of the historic family, just because the local group in the first case cannot be compared with the kinship group of the second case without doing violence to the laws of comparison, not to say to the teachings of history.

3. As to our having no knowledge of "an existing pre-totemic race," I called this a large order until it was determined that non-totemic races did not supply the necessary evidence. And such an inquiry has not been attempted.

4. As to the formation of the two exogamous groups, my point was that, granting *connubium* to have produced combination into one local tribe with exogamous sections, there is nothing in Mr. Lang's evidence to show what was the origin of each of the two original groups. It was not aggregation, he declares. It cannot have been *connubium*, for *ex hypothesi* this would have produced as many exogamous groups as there were groups of two local sections who combined in *connubium*. Failing these two causes, we have local groups larger than the family, and having many of the attributes of Mr. McLennan's horde. But this does away with the family as the most ancient form of social grouping, and is against Mr. Lang's theory.

5. It is true that Mr. Lang's answer to an objection raised by an anonymous critic on pp. 190-5 is also an answer to some of the objections I raised on the origin of totemism as a system of name-giving; but I do not think it is a complete answer. Mr. Lang would have it that the myth arising from the name-giving would affect the conduct of the savage totemist "quite undeniably." Surely here the whole question involved in the belief of kinship with animals is given over to the myth arising from name-giving without sufficient evidence. There are other causes for the belief—causes more

potent and more likely to affect savage conduct than the myth of a misunderstood name-system.

6. But Mr. Lang seems to me to grant my principal point when he avers in his letter that "my business was only to take that hypothesis and try to see whether, granting the opinion, the institutions of exogamy, totemism, phratries, the tribe, and the disintegration of all these might be naturally developed."

This was the burden of my criticism. The hypothesis alluded to is called Darwin's hypothesis, and I think wrongly so called; moreover, it is using evidence to prove a theory, not the deduction of a theory from evidence.

I have so great a respect for Mr. Lang's anthropological work, and I hope I showed it in my review, that I cannot close these remarks without expressing the hope that he will not think me otherwise than grateful even though I cannot be agreeable.

By the way, Dr. Reeves, on p. 191, should surely be Dr. Rivers. YOUR REVIEWER.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

June 30th, 1903.

I SHALL be glad if you will allow me to answer Mr. Jewers's letter of last week. Not that there is much to answer, one half of his letter being altogether beside the question, and the other being a complete justification of my action in this matter. If the Treasury is satisfied with his championship, I am sure the other side will have no objection. But there are one or two sentences in the earlier part of his letter which, while they do not touch the subject of the dispute, are likely to give a wrong impression of my motives in putting this matter before the public.

Mr. Jewers begins by paying a tribute to the courtesy of the superintendents and messengers connected with the Literary Search Department at Somerset House, and a little further on accuses me of "seeming to lay blame" on these gentlemen. I should like to ask Mr. Jewers whereabouts in my letter to you of May 30th he finds any complaint about want of courtesy or any blame whatever attributed to them. I venture to think that my letter was a perfectly fair and just criticism of the shortcomings of a Government Department. It was in no way directed against the officials, and I am entirely at a loss to understand why they should look upon it as a personal attack. The only part of my letter open to the construction that Mr. Jewers has placed upon it was the statement of the age of the senior messenger. Mr. Jewers says this was a rough guess and needless. As he appears to be quite at home in official figures, I am surprised that he does not put me right on the subject, but perhaps the reason is that it was not a guess. As to its necessity, I fail to see how I could have put the public in possession of the true facts of the case without mentioning it. I made no comment and I drew no inference.

The figures which Mr. Jewers supplies showing the growth of the department are very interesting, but what I should much prefer is a statement of the number of persons who apply for seats during the year and are unable to obtain them. He also makes repeated reference to the size and weight of the registers and the labour of carrying them. But how much of the day's work, from 10 to 3, is occupied by the messengers in fetching and carrying? Let us say three hours. Am I to be told that three hours' labour per day is too much for one man? Again, are there no modern appliances that could be adopted to obviate this difficulty? I feel quite sure there are, and that if this department was at Washington, New York, or Chicago, it would be fitted up with the most recent labour-saving devices. This is, in fact, the root of the whole matter. The place wants thoroughly reorganizing and bringing up to date.

Mr. Jewers is opposed to the proposal for making the Record Office the repository of these records on the score that readers would not be so well served as they are now. I should be equally opposed to it, unless it was clearly understood that they should form a department by themselves, with a special search room and special staff. At any rate, we should know that they were housed in a fireproof building.

How ill equipped the present Literary Search Department is for carrying on genealogical research is further illustrated by the fact that scarcely a single modern work of reference is to be found there, and such books as it has have been provided by the readers for their own use, and afterwards presented to the department. There is not even an atlas for the readers' use, and he may look in vain for such books as Musgrave's "Obituary," Martin's "Record Interpreter," or even an up-to-date English or Latin dictionary. In America such a department as this would be supplemented by a reference library of the most modern kind, and if the Treasury could be induced to put aside, say 200. a year for this purpose, it would earn the sincere thanks of all who use the room.

But what is wanted most of all is the provision of more space, the opening of the room all the year round, and the proper care of the calendars.

ARCHIVIST.

As far as my letter on this subject is concerned, I venture to think that no one outside officialdom except Mr. Jewers, its vindicator, will be "astounded" at any charges of loafing and pursuing their own private studies in office hours brought against the officials in this department. As to the attendants, Mr. Jewers, with access to official sources, quotes a total of 1,808 books of all sizes produced to readers in the twenty-seven working days of last January, and "leaves readers to judge of the amount of idle time the officials have." A portentous figure! but at how many books an hour does it work out? It represents less than six books an hour for each of the two attendants to produce to readers and replace. To show further how misleading these big figures may be, unless examined, I may say that it used to be the custom, when two or more readers consulted the same book, to enter it to each of them, thus, of course, helping to swell the grand annual total.

As to the superintendents, every one knows that the exactions of "general oversight" can be pleaded to cover a multitude of sins. All I wish to point out is that at, for example, the Public Record Office and the MSS. Department of the British Museum superintendents of the reading-rooms find time to do a considerable amount of calendaring and indexing, and work an hour to an hour and a half later each day in the bargain. I beg leave to repeat that though readers are turned away ostensibly for lack of room, loafing is the rule, and the number of working hours in the year, compared with those in the departments mentioned, is nothing less than a scandal. What standard is to be applied to the Somerset House officials? Are their services so valuable, or so valueless, that they shall continue, each man on the staff, to "put in" some six or seven hundred hours less per annum than others in similar posts without a word of public protest?

ANOTHER ARCHIVIST.

** This correspondence is now closed.

SALE.

MESSRS. SOTHERBY, WILKINSON & HODGE sold last week the following books and MSS., from the library of the late Mr. W. E. Books, of Clapham: *Actus Apostolorum*, &c., MS. on vellum, Sec. XII., 91. 15s. Allot's England's Parnassus, imperfect, 1600, 16l. Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 1805, 26l. 15s.; *Essays*, 1625, 26l. 10s. Batman's *Golden Booke of the Leaden Goddess*,

imperfect, 1577, 11l. Baxter's *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, 1606, 15l. 5s. Beaumont and Fletcher's Plays, 1647-52, 14l. 5s. Bible (the Bishops'), 1568, 12l. 5s.; Bible (Genevan), 1599, 29l.; Bible (Field's), 1653, 17l. Caxton's Book named the Royall, R. Pynson, 1507, 50l. 10s. Chalcographical Society's Publications, 1888-97, 11l. 7s. 6d. *Eikon Basilike*, first edition, 1648, 10l. 10s. Nuremberg Chronicle, imperfect, 1493, 15l. 10s. Complete Peerage of England, by G. E. C., 27l. 10s. S. Daniel's Works, 1602, 13l. 10s. Decker's *Comedie of Old Fortunatus*, 1600, 31l. Decker and Webster, *Westward Hoe*, 1607, 20l. Dryden's Works, 1619-27, 14l. The Raigne of King Edward the Third as it hath been played about the Citie of London, 1599, 85l. *Bibliotheca Eliotae*, 1548, 10l. 10s. Collection of Engraved Title-Pages (750), 12l. 10s. Fletcher (Ph. and G.), *The Purple Island and Christ's Victory*, 1627-33, 18l. 5s. *Froissart's Chronicles*, Pynson, 1523-5, 14l. 15s. G. Gascoigne, *The Dromo of Doomsday*, 1586, 10l. 12s. 6d. Harleian Society's Publications, 50 vols., 1860-1902, 17l. 5s. Higden's *Polychronicon*, 1527, imperfect, 17l. Hill's *Art of Gardening*, 1568, 11l. Hooper's *Declaration of Christ*, presentation copy, 1547, 17l. 15s. Horse B.V.M., printed upon vellum, Paris, Verard, 1503, 35l. 10s. Jerome of Brunswick, *Antidotarius*, Lond., 1525, 13l. 5s. Ben Jonson's Works, 1640, 13l.; *Catilina his Conspiracy*, 1611, 22l. *Epitoma Justini Historiarum*, MS., Sec. XV., Sforza arms, 21l. 10s. Marlowe's *Edward II.*, 1598, imperfect, 21l. Massinger, *The Renegado*, 1630, 10l. 17s. 6d.; *The Picture: a Tragedy*, 1630, 10l. 17s. *The Emperour of the East*, 1632, 10l. 5s. *Mirror for Magistrates*, Part I., 1563, imperfect, 10l. 5s. *Missale Romanum*, Paris, 1555, hammered silver binding, 10l. Thomas Nash, *Return of the Renowned Cavaliero Pasquil of England*, 1589, 11l. *Officium B.V.M.*, embroidered binding, 1574, 10l. 5s. Newnham's *Nightcrown*, 1590, 15l. 10s. *Sacerdotale secundum Usuum Sarum*, MS. on vellum, Sec. XIV., 30l. *Acts of the Twenty-third Parliament of King James I.*, fine Scotch binding, 1621, 25l. Shakspeare's Plays, leaf to the reader in facsimile, 1632, 100l.; Shakspeare, *Fourth Folio*, 1685, 110l. A Miniature of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, by I. Oliver, 1611, 56l. Spenser's *Complaints*, &c., 45l.

Literary Gossip.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE & CO. are preparing for immediate publication Mr. Sidney Lee's statement respecting "The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon." The numerous illustrations include views of Henley Street, of Shakspeare's birthplace before and after restoration, and of all the other buildings mentioned in the recent discussion, as well as a sketch by Mr. Edgar Flower of the design for the proposed public library.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & CO. will shortly publish "Benjamin Disraeli: an Unconventional Biography," by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. The work, which is a personal rather than a political or a literary biography, is to be profusely illustrated, and will include a number of reminiscences and anecdotes contributed by Beaconsfield's personal friends.

MR. W. S. LILLY is preparing for Mr. John Lane a reissue of "The Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy," written years ago by Mr. Justice Byles. In looking over the notes Mr. Lilly has had the assistance of Mr. C. S. Devas.

PROF. HALES is now resigning the Chair of English Literature at King's College, London. The Council have conferred on him the title of Professor Emeritus. Last year they elected him a Fellow of the College.

THERE being some demand for Prof. Hales's 'Shakespeare Notes and Essays,' which has been for several years out of print, a second edition is being prepared, which will contain some important additions as well as some alterations.

At the Owens College, Manchester, Mr. J. J. Findlay has been appointed to the Chair of Education in succession to the late Prof. Withers; and a special Professorship of the History and Administration of Education has been established by the Council, and has been accepted by Mr. M. E. Sadler, who will reside in Manchester for one term in each academic year, and during his residence will take an active part in the work of the Department. The Council are to be congratulated on securing Mr. Sadler.

MR. HEINEMANN expects to publish in the early autumn an English translation of the 'Études sur la Nature Humaine' of Prof. Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. This volume, partly philosophical and partly scientific, discusses the ills that arise from the imperfections of the human constitution, mental and physical, and the various remedies that have been suggested by religion, philosophy, and science. The translation is to be edited and introduced by Dr. Chalmers Mitchell.

A NEW novel by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, entitled 'The Black Shilling,' will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in the autumn. It is a romance of American history, the period being that of the witchcraft delusion, and the central figure Cotton Mather. The "black shilling" of the title is the piece of silver given at the signing of a Satanic contract.

THE next publication of the Villon Society will be a volume of sonnets by Mr. John Payne written in 1903. The volume, which is now in the press and well advanced towards completion, will contain 200 sonnets in seven divisions, and will be issued under the title of 'Vigil and Vision.'

'LATIN HEXAMETER VERSE: AN AID TO COMPOSITION,' is about to be published for Mr. S. E. Winbolt by Messrs. Methuen. The author embodies the result of several years of teaching, and has paid special attention to the evolution of the hexameter.

THE adoption of a standard Latin orthography for British school-books is a matter which should be looked into without further delay.

We hear that a committee of the Assistant Masters' Association is setting

about the business; but, meanwhile, Prof.

W. M. Lindsay, who is now staying at Klosters, in Switzerland, promises an article

on Martial's orthography in the next

number of the *Journal of Philology*.

Brambach, on whose work the Clarendon Press

based a recent list of correct spellings, is by

this time a little out of date, and his pub-

lishers would do well to issue a new edition

of his 'Hülfbüchlein.' It is characteristic

of the times that the best recent work on

Latin orthography has been done in America

by Prof. Buck, of Chicago, who a year or so

ago contributed a series of articles to the *Classical Review*. On the whole, it seems possible to draw up a scheme of correct Latin orthography for all to follow, and if the presses of Oxford and Cambridge and a few leading educational publishers like Messrs. Macmillan would adopt it, a boon would be conferred on the educational world.

THE Library, Trinity College, Dublin, will be closed on July 6th for a fortnight.

THE library of the British and Foreign Bible Society contains an unrivalled collection of printed editions of the Scriptures in over four hundred languages and dialects. The historical catalogue of the library, on which the Rev. T. H. Darlow and Mr. Horace F. Moule have been engaged for nearly four years, is now passing through the press. In each language the books are arranged according to the sequence of their publication. Vol. i., the English section, will be published early in the autumn; vol. ii., foreign versions, will appear next year.

A MOST remarkable paper on the question 'To what Extent has the Position of the Bank of England changed in Recent Years in Comparison with (a) Similar Institutions Abroad, and (b) London Clearing Bankers?' which was read, on June 12th, at the dinner of the Political Economy Club, by Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson, a Director of the Bank of England, has been printed by the author for private circulation. It discusses the resemblances and the differences between the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Bank of Germany, in a fashion which is full of interest not only for statisticians, but even for the general public.

MR. W. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE is to be congratulated upon the result of his persevering efforts on behalf of the Printers' Pension Corporation. At the banquet on Monday last the total sum announced by its energetic secretary, Mr. J. Mortimer, amounted to 6,628*l.*, being the largest sum yet received in one year. Of this 400*l.* was realized from the matinée at the Adelphi Theatre, and 1,000*l.* from the booklet 'Printers' Pie,' which is still selling. Viscount Goschen was the guest of the evening, and in proposing "Literature, Science, and Journalism," mentioned that he was the grandson of a remarkable and enthusiastic master printer, to whom the rumbling of the printing press was the sweetest music, and the sight of a page of perfect type on perfect paper a blissful vision, while he always regarded the interests of the workman.

THE next number of Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans's 'Reports to the Historical MSS. Commission on Manuscripts in the Welsh Language' is to be issued shortly, and will, for the most part, deal with the large collection formed of recent years by Sir John Williams, M.D., and now housed at the Plas, Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire.

MR. EDWIN DAVIES, of Brecknock, who a few years ago brought out a reprint of Jones's 'Brecknockshire,' is now preparing to reprint Fenton's 'Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire,' which was published in 1810. Some additions drawn from the author's own notes will be supplied, while a

biography will be contributed by the author's grandson, Mr. Ferrar Fenton.

THE plea for the establishment in Dublin of a School of Irish Studies, which Dr. Kuno Meyer made at the last Oireachtas, has induced a number of prominent Irish men and women to make a small beginning at once. On July 6th Prof. John Strachan is to commence a course in Old and Middle Irish at the Catholic University College, Stephen's Green. This course will be continued daily throughout July. In order to establish a permanent School of Irish Studies, further funds are required, for which an appeal is made. Mr. Charles McNeill, 11, Stamer Street, Dublin, is acting as hon. treasurer.

A SMALL volume entitled 'Side-Lights on the Forty-five and its Heroes' will be issued by Mr. W. J. Hay, of Edinburgh, in time for the forthcoming Jacobite Exhibition at Inverness this month. Another booklet, by Mr. J. Macbeth Forbes, will be issued by Messrs. Oliphant, entitled 'Jacobite Gleanings,' and will deal mainly with the men who were transported after the forty-five. Both are collected from contemporary manuscripts and other sources. The 'Side-Lights' will contain an article on 'John Home and his History of the Rebellion,' as the editor has come into possession of the original manuscript of Home's 'History,' which contains unused and interesting material.

A MONUMENT to Sallust is, we hear, to be erected in the autumn at Aquila.

A CHARACTERISTICALLY French function took place last week in the little village of Saint-Jean-aux-Bois, in Valois, when a monument was erected to the memory of "le poète de la Picardie," Léon Duvauchel, who died last year. So far as we know there has been no English translation of his charming poems. The monument is the work of a Picardy sculptor, M. Fossé, whilst the bronze medallion of the poet has been designed by M. Le Gastelois, and figured in this year's Salon. On the monument is a full-length figure of a young Valois *paysanne*, who is shown in profile inscribing the titles of Duvauchel's principal works: 'La Clé des Champs,' 1881; 'La Moussière,' 1886; 'Le Livre d'un Forestier,' 1892; and 'L'Hortillon,' 1897.

THE Dresden papers report the death of the well-known "Aesthetiker," Julius Duboc, at the age of seventy-four. He was a native of Hamburg, and studied philosophy and history at Giessen and Leipsic, and later at Berlin, where from 1864 to 1870 he wrote much in the Liberal journals, particularly the *National-Zeitung*. In 1873 he published 'A History of the English Press,' derived mainly from Grant's book. His philosophical essays obtained a wide circulation, especially 'Die Psychologie der Liebe,' 1874 and 1883; 'Das Leben ohne Gott,' 1875; 'Der Optimismus als Weltanschauung,' 1881; 'Die Tragik vom Standpunkt des Optimismus,' 1883; 'Jenseits vom Wirklichen,' 1896. He republished a collection of his earlier essays in 1877, under the significant title 'Against the Stream.' Duboc was one of the first to write scientifically upon the "Woman Question" in Germany in its political, social, and historical aspects. A collection of these

writings appeared five or six years ago in his 'Fünfzig Jahre Frauenfrage in Deutschland.'

We note the issue of the following Parliamentary Papers: Annual Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records (1*d.*); Report of the Governors of Wellington College, with Accounts (1*d.*); Report of the Royal University, Ireland (1*d.*); Intermediate Education Board, Ireland, Rules of Examinations, and Programme of Examinations, 1904 (3*d.*); Statement of Schemes for the Formation of Education Committees approved by the Board of Education in May (1*d.*); Abstract of the Accounts of the University of St. Andrews (3*d.*); Annual Statistical Report of the same University (2*d.*); and an Ordinance of the University Court of Glasgow with respect to the Foundation of Professorship of Geology, &c. (1*d.*).

SCIENCE

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Stellar Heavens: an Introduction to the Study of the Stars and Nebulae. By J. Ellard Gore. (Chatto & Windus.)—Mr. Gore's previous works are so well known to astronomical readers that they will be prepared to welcome this new production of his pen, which is not only a useful guide to the amateur observer of the stellar heavens, but also full of interest to those who are only students of the labours of others, yet desire to keep up with the progress of that specially important department of the science. The first chapter may be considered introductory, and gives some general ideas respecting star groups, star magnitudes, proper motions of stars, parallaxes, and distances of the stars (furnishing in the last two sections lists of the largest and best known), colours of stars, and classification of their spectra. The most substantial portions are the second, third, and fourth chapters, the second chapter being on 'Double, Multiple, and Binary Stars,' the third on 'Variable Stars,' and the fourth on 'Star Clusters and Nebulae.' Into these sections of the subject the author enters with the fulness of detail natural to an authority, and summarizes most of the knowledge which has been acquired up to the present date. The fifth and concluding chapter forms a sort of supplement, containing general considerations on the Milky Way, the stellar universe, and the nebular hypothesis, which last needs several modifications from the form in which it was originally proposed. Mr. Gore's remarks on stellar evolution are well put; but with regard to the possible extent of what we may call our universe (and science is not likely to bring to our knowledge any other), he does not seem to give sufficient consideration to the probability of dark masses or bodies excluding from our view the spaces beyond. Various useful information is given in the appendix, and a full index is provided. The book, we may add, has been carefully passed through the press, and we have noticed very few *errata*; there is, however, an odd one on p. 69, where "comparison" is printed instead of companion. The name Klinkerfus, we may add, is spelt "Klinkenfus" at p. 23, but is correct in the index; Dr. Chandler appears as "Chander" at p. 63 and in the index, but is correct in other places.

Electricity as applied to Mining. By Arnold Lupton, G. D. Aspinall Parr, and Herbert Perkin. (Crosby Lockwood & Son.)—England is strangely, but perhaps consistently, behind the rest of the world in readiness to adapt electrical methods to mining. There are, however, signs that this state of things is not to

last much longer, and the appearance of a book like the present may be welcomed as one of them. The ordinary mining engineer or colliery manager is in this country so overburdened with miscellaneous duties, that to imagine him capable of coping with all of them, armed with an equal grasp of the several branches of science on which their due performance depends, would be manifestly absurd. He must, especially in the case of new departures, rely largely upon the advice of experts, using his own usually not inconsiderable shrewdness to judge how far that advice is consistent with the special needs and circumstances of his particular mine. But in order to do this satisfactorily he must be conversant with the language in which the advice is given. In other words, he should know something of the principles involved, and should possess a certain familiarity with the technical terms employed. The younger school of mine managers, most of them college-trained, may perhaps be supposed generally to have attained this standard. With the older men of long established position it is, as a rule, far otherwise. In either case experience goes to show, fortunately, that men will—to use the current Government phrase—often "muddle through" more or less successfully, but they will be saved many blunders and a good deal of trouble by manuals such as the one before us. The partnership of authors which has produced it is of the right kind. Prof. Lupton and Mr. Perkin are the mining engineers, and Mr. Aspinall Parr is here the expert in electrical matters. The combination is felicitous, in which the counsels of perfection of the physicist have no doubt been tempered by the practical and economic sense of the miners. The work is well written, well got-up, and well illustrated. It is as concise as possible, and exactly suited for rapid reference by men to whom time is an object of the first importance. Dynamos, steam-turbines, the starting and stopping of electrical generators and motors, electric cables, central electric plants (covering virtually all the operations of a coal-mine)—such are the headings of chaps. ii. to viii., which are short, clear, and strictly to the point without an unnecessary word. Chaps. ix. to xiv. give all the requisite information as to electric pumping and haulage, coal-cutting, lighting, signalling, drilling, winding, and the like. The last and, in some respects, perhaps, most valuable chapter deals with the dangers of electricity, and in it the precautions which are really practicable in a working mine are, we are glad to see, judiciously distinguished from those which—as in the case of electric coal-cutting machines, for instance, or in gassy mines—are not generally available. Absolute immunity from accidents cannot always be secured, but all that modern experience and skill can suggest is here set forth with perfect lucidity.

Chap. i., so far as it professes to comprise an 'Introduction to the Subject of Electricity,' is the only one with which we are not wholly satisfied—not that any erroneous or antiquated notions are contained in it, but because it appears to us that in a purely practical guide to the special applications of a difficult branch of physics any attempt to tackle the fundamental principles of the subject in the course of a few pages is entirely out of place. There are plenty of good handbooks on electricity, and the theoretical truths represented by one of these must certainly be mastered before a work like the present—excellent of its kind—can be used profitably, or, indeed, with safety.

SOCIETIES.

MICROSCOPICAL.—June 17.—Mr. W. Carruthers, V.P., in the chair.—An old non-achromatic simple microscope was presented by Mr. Nelson, who said it was interesting, because it had a prism focussing bar, with focussing screw at the bottom of the bar, and was a very early example of this construction. Although the lens was non-achromatic, it was

remarkably good, and showed the proboscis of the blowfly extremely well.—Dr. J. Charlton Briscoe exhibited a new portable microscope designed for making bedside examinations. The instrument was made for him by Messrs. Swift from the design of Prof. Herbert Jackson. There were several novel features in its construction. It was contained in a case measuring 6½ in. by 3½ in. by 1 in., and with two objectives the total weight was under 1 lb.—Mr. F. Watson Baker exhibited for Messrs. Watson & Sons a new modern portable microscope and also a new mechanical stage. The latter was of novel construction: it had a motion of 3½ in., a surface perfectly unobstructed, and the two milled heads, which were mounted together on the Turrell system, were placed at an angle to the movements of the stage.—Mr. Conrad Beck exhibited examples of the Spinthariscop of Sir W. Crookes, used for demonstrating the Röntgen rays emitted by radium.—In the absence of Lord Rayleigh, his paper on 'The Theory of Optical Images, with Special Reference to the Microscope,' was read by Dr. Hebb.—Dr. H. Siedentopf read a paper on 'The Rendering Visible of Ultra-microscopic Bacilli.' The subject was illustrated by microscopes fitted with special illuminating apparatus, various objects, and drawings on the blackboard.—A communication relating to the preceding subject, sent by Dr. Johnson Stoney, was read by the Secretary.—There was a lengthy discussion on the three papers, in which Prof. J. D. Everett, Dr. S. Czapski, Mr. J. W. Gordon, Mr. Rheinberg, Dr. C. V. Drysdale, Dr. Beilby, and Mr. Conrad Beck took part.—Owing to the lateness of the hour, the following papers were taken as read: 'On the "Lag" in Microscopic Vision' (continued), 'An Improved Horseshoe Stage,' and 'A Micrometric Correction for Minute Objects,' by Mr. E. M. Nelson, and 'A Method of mounting Bacteria from Fluid Media,' by Mr. J. A. Hill.

CHALLENGER.—June 24.—Dr. R. N. Wolfenden in the chair.—Dr. H. R. Mill, Prof. E. A. Minchin, Fleet-Surgeon P. W. Bassett Smith, and Messrs. L. Doncaster, C. Forster Cooper, R. C. Punnett, and R. Vallentin were elected Fellows.—Mr. V. H. Blackman contributed some notes on 'Bipolar Plants.' A comparison of the 259 Arctic and 269 Antarctic Algae shows that no fewer than 54 species are found both north and south of the Tropics, but not between them; of the larger brown seaweeds not even a genus is common to the two Poles.—Dr. G. H. Fowler read notes on the distribution of some Amphipoda collected by him in the Bay of Biscay at various depths during a cruise in H.M.S. Research, 1901; they had been identified by the Rev. T. R. Stubbings. Among these were two Arctic cold-water forms, *Scina borealis*, *Sars*, and *Cyphocaris anomala*. Boeck, taken between 750 and 500 fathoms and 400 and 300 fathoms respectively, but not known from shallow water at low latitudes; and *Hyperides longipes*, Chevreux, distributed round the 100-fathom horizon as a centre, but not occurring at the surface or at great depths.—Both papers were followed by an interesting discussion.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.
MON. Royal Institution, 5.—General Monthly.

Science Gossip.

DR. ROBERT STORDY, a Government veterinary surgeon in British East Africa, has been making experiments in the domestication and training of the zebra in a huge enclosure at Naivasha. Baron Bronsart von Schellendorf recently brought down thirty zebras safely across a belt infested by the tsetse fly to Mombasa, for export to Germany. He had a conference with Dr. Stordy on the question. A grandson of Thomas Pringle, the poet and South African pioneer, of the Kilimanjaro Trading Company, also brought down fifteen zebras to Mombasa, destined for Hamburg. Mr. Pringle intends to go back to the Cape, where his grandfather founded one of the early settlements.

THE Report on the Sea and Inland Fisheries of Ireland for 1901, Part 2, Scientific Investigations, has just been published as a Parliamentary Paper at the price of 4s. 5d.

DR. LUIGI CREMONA, the most eminent mathematician of Italy, died in Rome on June 10th. He was born at Pavia in 1830, and in 1851 began his work as mathematical teacher in the gymnasium of his native city. From 1860 to 1866 he was professor at Bologna, and from 1867 until 1873 at Milan. In the latter year

he was called to the University of Rome, where, in 1878, he also undertook the rectorship of the School for Engineers. During thirty years of arduous work he reorganized the whole mathematical instruction of Italy. He was a member of the Accademia dei Lincei, and of the academies and other learned societies of Berlin, Munich, Göttingen, Prague, Amsterdam, Liège, Edinburgh, and London. Two of his writings were "crowned" with prizes by the Berlin Academy. Dr. Cremona was as ardent in politics as in science. In 1879 he was made a Senator of the Kingdom of Italy, in 1897 was Vice-President of the Senate, and in 1898 was Minister of Public Education in the Rudini Cabinet.

MR. STANLEY WILLIAMS, of Hove, has detected (*Ast. Nach.*, No. 3880) another new variable star in the constellation Lyra (var. 19, 1903, Lyra), which is remarkable for the extreme shortness of its period. The rise from minimum (11.2 magnitude) to maximum (9.9 magnitude) takes place in little more than an hour (61 minutes); the decrease, on the other hand, occupies 11¹ 15^m, so that the whole period of variation is only 12^h 16^m. It was almost, if not quite, at a maximum when registered on a photographic plate taken on November 2nd, 1901, and maxima will occur at convenient times for observation in the autumn. There are no bright stars very near it, but it precedes β Lyrae by about six minutes, at a declination slightly more towards the south.

THE small planet No. 458, which was discovered by Prof. Max Wolf and Herr Schwassmann at the Königstuhl Observatory, Heidelberg, on September 21st, 1900, has been named Hercynia.

The comet (c. 1903) which was discovered by M. Borrelly at Marseilles on the 21st ult. was observed on the following night by Herr Wirtz at Strasburg, and by Mr. Aitken at the Lick Observatory; also by Herr Wirtz, Prof. Hartwig, and others on the 23rd. It is in the constellation Capricornus, moving slowly in a north-westerly direction. — Faye's periodical comet is calculated to have passed its perihelion early last month, but has not yet been seen. It is unfavourably placed for observation, being in the constellation Gemini, and rising less than two hours before the sun; but great disappointment will be felt if it fails to be seen on this occasion, as it has been observed at every previous return since its discovery in 1843. The first person to do so at the subsequent predicted appearance in 1850 was the late James Breen at the Cambridge Observatory.

FINE ARTS

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH MASTERS.

At Mr. Paterson's gallery there is a small collection of Dutch paintings, which contains a few unusual and interesting examples. The most imposing picture there is the *Baby in a Chair* (No. 22), by Samuel van Hoogstraten. This is a very early work, done when the painter was hardly more than a boy in Rembrandt's studio, and it has something of the sincerity of vision, the solidity of modelling, and the richness of colour of the master's work—much more, indeed, than the works of his imitators usually show. Hoogstraten must have been a brilliant pupil at all events, though he did not remain true to the precepts of his youth. But this picture shows such penetrating and sympathetic observation, and here and there such mastery in the handling of the dense impasto, that one can hardly help suspecting that Rembrandt himself was looking over the pupil's shoulder. Nothing else in the gallery comes so near to Rembrandt as this young pupil's work, *The Portrait of a Lady* (9), attributed to him, being quite unworthy; but there is much that is good on the humbler planes of art. There are two

good pieces of still life—one a Kalf (12), which has some passages of extraordinary charm, but is not so well put together as many of his works; the other a Van Beijeren (24), in the opposite key to Kalf, a gorgeous symphony of reds, bronze greens, and brown. Such a work as this could hardly be surpassed on its own lines.

Sorgh is an artist that one does not see very often. His picture here of a sleeping boy (4) shows him as a more tasteful, if less forcible Teniers. There are two Van Goyens, of which one, the skating scene (17), is first rate, a delightful scheme of cool greys, with just those faint shades of local colour which the thick and frozen air permits. A Salomon Ruysdael (8) shows the influence of Van Goyen, but without his severe restraint. An unusual Van de Velde (11) of an interior of a stable is remarkable for its delicate tonality, and the ingenious decorative effect which the artist has got from the straight bars of the hay-rack. Finally, we noticed a striking Jacob Ruysdael (5), free, almost sloppy in handling, and more stylistic than usual, but with his characteristic sky.

THE ESSEX ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY AT COLCHESTER.

The Essex Archaeological Society is admittedly among the best and most useful of provincial antiquarian associations, and it was but fitting that its jubilee should be celebrated with some circumstance. Dr. Laver, F.S.A., who has just succeeded to the presidency of the Society, thoroughly deserves that honour, for he has for many years been one of the most regular contributors to the *Transactions*, whilst his remarkable and continuous diligence in securing for Colchester and the county the noble collection of Romano-British finds now exhibited in the Castle Museum is beyond all praise. Dr. Laver, with the thorough support of the Council, threw himself with characteristic vigour into the project of celebrating the completion of the fiftieth year of the Society's existence, and met with a considerable measure of success, which certainly ought to have the result of materially increasing the roll of members (which now numbers 350), and thereby promoting further archaeological research.

At noon on June 25th a meeting was held in the fine new Town Hall of Colchester, recently opened by Lord Rosebery, when the Society and its friends were welcomed by Mr. H. H. Elwes, the mayor of this most ancient borough, in fitting terms. The President, in his opening address, combated with some skill the commonplace definition of archaeology as "the handmaid of history," claiming for that science the position of being the corrector and verifier of history, and contending that, in the hands of a judicious and enlightened investigator, archaeology became history itself. He pleaded for more members and a larger income to enable the Society to do more in promoting and assisting excavations, as well as in increasing the size and managing the more frequent issue of their *Transactions*.

Mr. C. H. Read, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, proposed a resolution advocating support of the Essex and kindred societies. He remarked that the county was exceptionally rich in earthworks, most of which were still unexplored, adding that the history of this county for some two thousand years before the Roman occupation was chiefly dependent upon the spade of the excavator. He also spoke in the highest terms of the value of the Colchester Museum, though he was glad that the British Museum had got a considerable share of the archaeological spoils of the county. The Rev. Dr. Cox, in seconding the resolution, pleaded for the closer examination of the actual records of past life, showing how a study of the episcopal act books of the diocese of London corrected many a false historical supposition. For

instance, it was customary, in such generally trusted works as Hook's 'Archbishops of Canterbury,' to write of Sudbury, the mob-murdered prelate of the fourteenth century, as disliked by his flock on account of his continual absence on royal embassies. But the records showed that Sudbury, whilst he was Bishop of London, was most assiduous in the personal discharge of his episcopal functions, holding ordinations in various parts of Essex, where he chiefly resided. The great store of archidiaconal records at Chelmsford also threw much and curious light on the social as well as ecclesiastical life of Elizabethan and later days. He also contrasted the admirable condition of the Romano-British collections at Colchester with the dust-begrimed and neglected state of those in the Chichester Museum that he had recently visited. Mr. J. Romilly Allen, as another visitor, also spoke to the resolution, which was further supported on behalf of the Suffolk Archaeological Institute by Canon Raven.

Mr. F. Chancellor, as the one survivor of the original council of the Society nominated in 1852, read a paper of much local interest, taking a general survey of the past administration of the Society and of the work it had accomplished. He spoke in warm terms of the good fortune of the Society in its secretaries and presidents, the first secretary being that distinguished ecclesiologist the late Dr. Cutts. Mr. I. Chalkley Gould then moved a resolution, which was carried unanimously amid warm approval, condemnatory of the proposed transference of Saffron Walden and upwards of twenty adjacent parishes from Essex to Cambridgeshire. The transference was advocated merely for the convenience of poor-law administration—an economic arrangement but yesterday.

After luncheon at the Cups Hotel, visits were made to the more important of the many points of interest pertaining to the town under the guidance of Dr. Laver, whose knowledge of all that is ancient in the borough of Colchester seems inexhaustible. The Roman walls of Colchester, of which very considerable and massive remains are extant, and which probably date from the beginning of the second century, received special attention. The first pause was made at the western or Balkerne Gate, which includes one of the only three Roman arches now standing in this country. The walls can be traced without much difficulty, and with very little interruption, on the west, north, and east sides; they still rise from six to eight feet above the surface, and are composed of alternate courses of brick and cut stone, showing that the work was undertaken throughout at the same time, and underwent but little repair or alteration. At East Hill House particular attention was directed by Dr. Laver to the bastion as an uncommon feature of the outside of a Roman wall, and obviously part of the original construction.

The interesting remains of the conventional church of the Priory of St. Botolph were next visited. The Norman west front is still a fine piece of architecture, and is very largely composed of Roman tiles. It was built before 1100, and was the chief English house of the Austin Canons. The handsome gateway of the great Benedictine Abbey of St. John, built in 1416, is all that remains of the once famous structure founded in 1097. The church of the Holy Trinity, with its western Saxon tower, largely composed of Roman brick, was the last place visited by the archaeologists, and on this occasion not so much on account of its fabric as because it is the burial-place of one of Colchester's greatest worthies, William Gilbert, the father of electrical science. He was born in Colchester in 1540, and buried there in 1603. There is a monument erected to his memory by his brothers; it consists of a richly framed panel, with pinnacles bearing globes and fourteen armorial shields. In 1600 Dr. Gilbert, who had

that year been elected president of the College of Physicians, published his treatise 'De Magnete, Magneticisque Corporibus'; it at once won for him a cosmopolitan fame which has never languished. The work has been described as the "first great physical book published in English," and contains the germs of the science of electricity. Here, by Gilbert's graveside, Prof. Sylvanus Thompson read a most painstaking and original paper on Gilbert's pedigree and position. He was able to show that this distinguished man was not only of ancient family, but also possessed large landed property both in Essex and Suffolk.

On their return from the church the party were hospitably entertained at tea at the Town Hall. Some of the visitors took the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with the museum in the old chapel of the Norman castle, the joint property of the Essex Archaeological Society and the Corporation. The relics of Roman Camulodunum are of great importance; indeed, the collection of Roman pottery and glass cannot be surpassed by any museum in the north of Europe. Apart from the bad light, due to the thick walls and the awkward shape of the ancient room and corridor, the arrangement of the Roman and other finds of the town and county is excellent, and has been materially improved by the new curator, Mr. Wright, who passed his novitiate in the Guildhall Museum of the City of London.

SALES.

SOME good prices were realized by Messrs. Christie at the sale of works belonging to Sir Horatio D. Davies on the 27th ult. Drawings: Meissonier, Les Echevins, 199*l.* Millet, The Vagabond, 54*l.* Pictures: Lord Leighton, Nausicaa, 1,060*l.* Reynolds, Portrait of a Lady, in white dress with gold sash and blue scarf, 126*l.* Turner, Worcester, 1,157*l.* Henriette Browne, The School, 199*l.* Corot, Zuydecoote, près Dunkerque, 1,995*l.* A Landscape, with a haycart on a road, 819*l.* Confidences, 220*l.* C. Daubigny, A River Scene, with boat and figures, 315*l.* N. Diaz, In Fontainebleau Forest, 903*l.* Turkish Children, 378*l.* J. Domingo, A General and his Staff, 252*l.* J. Dupré, The Open Sea, 504*l.* A Coast Scene, with high cliffs, 357*l.* The Lake, 504*l.* J. H. L. de Haas, Cattle near the Banks of a River, 136*l.* E. Isabey, The Armoury, 388*l.* At Prayer, 210*l.* Meissonier, A Troop of Cavalry, 997*l.* Two Cavaliers riding along a Road, 630*l.* The Advance Guard of an Army, 535*l.* The Artist riding at Antibes, 361*l.* Un Florentin, 262*l.* A Landscape, with two horsemen, 210*l.* P. ter Meulen, Sheepwashing, 173*l.* Millet, The Artist's Wife, seated, with a dog, 787*l.* F. Roybet, The Studio, 162*l.* F. Ziem, Fishermen on the Lagoons, Venice, 388*l.* Figures on the Shore of the Lagoons, Venice, 105*l.*

The other works sold at the same time were from various collections. Drawings: S. Bough, A Woody Road, 199*l.* C. Fielding, A Welsh Valley, 110*l.* Birket Foster, Cullercoats, Northumberland, 115*l.* L. Lhermitte, A Scene in a French Town, 199*l.* P. de Wint, A Welsh River Scene, 78*l.* Pictures: H. Fantin, A Bunch of Flowers in a Vase, 131*l.* H. W. Mesdag, Launching the Lifeboat, 115*l.* J. S. Sargent, Portrait of a Lady, in black, seated, holding a fan, 136*l.* Bouguereau, A Tambourine Girl, 262*l.* L. Knaus, The Butcher Boy, 966*l.* L. Munthe, A Bavarian Landscape, Winter, 189*l.* F. Domingo, Cavaliers on a Road at the Edge of a Wood, 168*l.* Munkacsy, Calvary, 525*l.* Colin Hunter, Wet Sands, 157*l.* P. J. Clays, A Dutch River Scene, 162*l.* Bonington, A French Coast Scene, 294*l.* E. W. Cooke, A View of Venice from the Lagoons, 120*l.* A Breezy Day, Scheveningen, 115*l.* E. Manet, Jetée de Boulogne, 504*l.* J. Bosboom, Interior of a Church at Haarlem, 199*l.* Constable, Hadleigh Castle, 157*l.* A. Fraser, A Drove Road, Ayrshire, 399*l.* L. B. Hurt, A

Quiet Morning in the Highlands, 162*l.* C. Jacque, The Sheepfold, 147*l.* B. W. Leader, A Worcestershire Hayfield, 141*l.* E. Nicol, Wheedling Ways, 115*l.* J. Phillip, Making Yarn, 126*l.*

On the 29th ult. T. S. Cooper's drawing A Group of Six Sheep in a Pasture fetched 89*l.*, and the same artist's picture A Summer's Day brought 231*l.*

A collection of engravings belonging to Sir Wilfrid Lawson was sold by Messrs. Christie on Tuesday and Wednesday last, two of those after Romney realizing the highest prices. After Reynolds: Lady Bampfylde, by T. Watson, 211*l.*; Mrs. Bonfoy, by J. McArdell, 105*l.*; Diana, Viscountess Crosbie, by W. Dickinson, 43*l.*; Lady Elizabeth Compton, by V. Green, 105*l.*; Miss Theophilis Palmer, by J. R. Smith, 109*l.*; The Ladies Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Ann Waldegrave, by V. Green, 106*l.* After Romney: Mrs. Carwardine and Child, by J. R. Smith, 426*l.*; Mrs. Davenport, by J. Jones, 631*l.*; Countess Gower and Family, by J. R. Smith, 212*l.*; Lady Hamilton as Emma, by J. Jones, 94*l.*; Lady Hamilton as Nature, by J. R. Smith, 84*l.*; Hon. Mrs. North, by the same, 210*l.*; Mrs. Stables and her Daughters, by the same, 147*l.* After Hoppner: Daughters of Sir T. Frankland, by W. Ward, 210*l.*; Godsall Children (The Setting Sun), by J. Young, 105*l.*; Mrs. Gwyn, by the same, 105*l.*; Lady Ann Lambton and Family, by the same, 126*l.*; Countess of Oxford, by S. W. Reynolds, 136*l.* After Peters: The Misses Hinchliffe as Musick, by H. Hudson, 96*l.* After Opie: Mrs. Meymott (Almeria), by J. R. Smith, 110*l.* By and after J. R. Smith: Mrs. Smith, 136*l.*

Five-Art Gossip.

MR. T. R. WAY opened on Thursday a show of lithographs of Old London, its suburbs, palaces, and guilds, at Clifford's Inn Hall.

An Art Exhibition with Crafts will be held at St. Mary-le-Park Parish Hall, Park Road, Battersea Park, from July 4th to 11th. Amongst pictures lent are works by Gainsborough, Turner, De Wint, Rossetti, William Hunt, David Cox, and Millais.

An interesting exhibition has been opened at The Hague illustrating the work of the best Dutch portrait painters of the seventeenth century. A number of private owners, among them Lord Spencer, have sent valuable pictures. The exhibition, which will be open till September, has been arranged by Dr. Bredius, Director of the Mauritshuis.

THERE have been disquieting rumours about the state of Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sixtine Chapel. A French correspondent has ascertained, however, that it is the roof, and not the ceiling, which is really faulty. The ceiling needs consolidation in a few places, but not restoration. There have always been a few cracks in it. Some of these, according to M. Aubert, a high authority on Michael Angelo, are not real, but were painted by the master himself, as evidence that the walls which keep up the ceiling needed repairing, since otherwise it did not seem likely that they would last. By this means Michael Angelo secured the strengthening of the walls. Later, however, part of the strongest means of support was removed, and this is the point that needs attention.

THE death is announced of M. Georges Callot, a well-known artist of talent, who was born in 1858, and studied art in the atelier of Eugène Adam. He had been a regular exhibitor at the Salon since 1882, in which year he obtained a third-class medal, whilst other medals were awarded him for pictures he exhibited in 1888 and in 1889. Since 1894 he had been Secretary of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. For many years he was a highly successful painter of portraits in pastels. The Paris Hôtel de Ville contains one of his finest works,

a decorative figure representing Philosophy. His other successes include 'La Cigale,' 'Printemps,' 'Jeunesse,' 'Le Coquelicot,' and 'Les Endormies,' and his decorative panels include one in the concert-room of Arras. In colour and technique he was in the front rank of French artists of to-day.

M. DUMOULIN, the "official" artist of the French Ministère de la Marine, has presented to the Musée Guimet, Paris, about forty pictures which he painted on his travels in the Far East during 1887; but the public exhibition of this highly interesting series will not take place until October next, when they will be arranged in a special room. These pictures deal largely with the various religious scenes which came under M. Dumoulin's observation during his travels in China, Japan, and India.

This year's purchases of the city of Paris at the two Salons include Silbert's 'Marchand de Chaussons'; Ayv's 'Bal Blanc'; Bellan's 'Prière du Soir'; Buffet's 'Étang'; Carl Rossa's 'Au Pays du Chabichou'; Cachoud's 'A la Nuit Tombante'; Geoffroy's 'La Goutte de Lait'; Ravané's 'Barques Échouées'; Le-grand's 'Baigneuses'; Dumoulin's 'La Source'; Gabriel's 'Falaises à Dieppe'; Hawkins' 'Ma Patronne'; and Madame le Roy d'Etiolles's 'Jeune Femme' among the pictures.—Lefevre's 'Épisode du Siège de Paris'; Colle's 'Feuilles d'Automne'; Champigny's 'Enfant au Masque'; Suchetet's 'Un Rapt'; and Baffier's 'Soupières et Candélabres' among the sculpture.—Carrier-Belleuse's 'Enfant de la Dune'; Houbron's 'Le Carré Drouot' and 'Le Boulevard des Italiens'; and Legout-Gérard's 'Tricoteuses' among the drawings, as well as several engravings and lithographs exhibited at both places.

In the Magazine of Art for July the illustrations include the portrait of Lady Aird, by Frank Dicksee, and 'The Bitterness of Dawn,' by John A. Lomax. The number also contains 'British Sculpture in 1903 Technically Considered'; a continuation of Mr. Spielmann's 'Art Forgeries and Counterfeits'; and 'Prof. Fritz Fleischer,' by Dr. Abel. Other articles are 'Recent Acquisitions at our Public Galleries and Museums'; 'How an Art Museum should be Organised'; and the Paris Salons, 1903. The illustrations are well executed.

MR. MACLELLAN MANN, of Glasgow, has resumed his explorations of a prehistoric settlement near Stranaer. From these further researches he finds that no stone was employed in the building of the houses, and the dimensions of the huts were surprisingly small. The flooring had been supported on a massively constructed foundation of pointed wooden logs set close together and more or less perpendicularly. One of the houses had more than sixty such logs in its foundation. The wood used was birch and oak, and the sharpening of the points had been done with some blunt-edged tool. Over traces of the flooring were evidences of a hearth, and many implements and utensils of stone and pieces of pottery were found. The walling was of wattle-work. The pottery is coarse, dark, and hand-made, without ornamentation.

MUSIC

THE WEEK.

COVENT GARDEN.—'Der Wald'; 'Carmen'; 'Faust'; 'Il Barbiere.'

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Handel Festival.

MISS E. M. SMYTH'S one-act opera 'Der Wald,' produced last July at Covent Garden, was performed yesterday week. Last year we spoke about the book and the music; in the one the interest excited at the commencement of the wood tragedy is not sustained—to use a common term, it fizzles out; in the other, form and colour are appropriate, but the contents lack indi-

viduality. There are good intentions, and, especially in the opening scenes, some clever and effective music, and in listening to the work for the first time we were favourably impressed with it, and waited, but in vain, for interesting development and strong climax. This time it was merely waiting to see whether the end would still appear to us unsatisfactory; and our first impressions were unfortunately more than confirmed. Miss Smyth is earnest and, we imagine, courageous; let her try her hand at another opera. 'Der Wald' may prove a valuable stepping-stone to higher things; it has itself no lasting vitality. Frau Lohse and Fräulein Fremstad impersonated, as before, Rüschen and Iolanthe. Mr. Heddmondt was the Heinrich. The performance, under Herr Lohse, was not a good one, yet not so bad as to prevent one from judging the work.

Last Thursday week Madame Calv   appeared in the title role of 'Carmen,' and on the following Monday as Marguerite in Gounod's 'Faust.' Whatever this accomplished artist attempts is sure to be clever and effective; and for the time being she exerts a strong influence. Between the two roles there is a striking difference: Carmen is a wayward woman of the world; Marguerite an innocent maiden who, excited by the glitter of jewels and the sighs of a lover, forsakes the path of purity and peace. We would not say that Madame Calv  's impersonation of either character absolutely satisfies us; the study she has put into them is at times perceptible, but she displays so much life and dramatic instinct that she excites wonder and admiration. One of her finest moments was in the garden scene of 'Faust.' The "Jewel" song was sung dramatically; the shyness, fear, and strong, but mental excitement of Marguerite were admirably expressed; as a rule the song merely offers an opportunity for display of virtuosity. Madame Blauvelt sang the Micaela music with charm and skill; the part suits her.

Mlle. Barrientos, a Spanish vocalist still in her teens, made her *d  but* here on Wednesday evening in Rossini's 'Il Barbiere di Siviglia.' She has a flexible voice, though as yet it is not strong. In the "Lesson" scene she sang the florid, high-note passages of the well-known Aria from the 'Zauberf  te' cleverly, but was heard to better advantage in her encore song. Signor Titta Ruffo was a good Figaro, but of the male actors M. Gilibert, as Bartolo, carried off chief honours.

As we expected, the choral singing last Thursday week, the second day of the Handel Festival, showed a marked improvement; every one, including Dr. Cowen, evidently felt more at his ease. 'Acis and Galatea' came first, and for precision and power the rendering of "Wretched lovers" deserves special note. But there were choruses which demanded tenderness and delicacy, such as "Mourn, all ye muses!" and "Galatea, dry thy tears," and in these the choir produced effects really remarkable; in the mourning chorus the declamation, too, was excellent. To sing loud without being noisy, and to sing pianissimo, still keeping the tone pure and warm, are qualities rare in so large a body of vocalists. The soloists were Miss MacIntyre, who unfortunately

was not in good form; Madame Clara Butt, whose fine voice was heard to advantage in "What tho' I trace"; Messrs. Ben Davies and John Coates, who both deserved and secured the favour of the audience; and Mr. Watkin Mills, whose rendering of the "Polyphemus" music, though artistic, lacked sturdiness.

The second part of the programme consisted of excerpts from 'Solomon,' including the four double choruses "Your harps and cymbals sound," "From the censer," "Shake the dome," and "Praise the Lord," which were sung with marked energy. The solo vocalists were Mesdames Ella Russell, Clara Samuell, and Clara Butt, and Messrs. Charles Saunders, Kennerley Rumford, and Andrew Black. Sir Walter Parratt played the solo part of Handel's Fourth Concerto in F for organ and orchestra, and this was followed without break by an "Alleluiah" chorus, as recently found by Mr. F. G. Edwards in a volume in the British Museum in the handwriting of Handel, which seems up to now not to have been thoroughly examined. This was an interesting experiment on the part of the composer.

Saturday, the third and last day, was devoted to 'Israel in Egypt,' the most striking of the master's oratorios, and, as regards dramatic power, the greatest. The double choruses in 'Solomon,' fine as they are, will not for a moment stand comparison with those of 'Israel.' Handel, as is well known, spoiled many composers in the making of it, but only a genius of the highest order could with such a method have produced a work so homogeneous. It would, perhaps, have been better if, like Joseph Clemens, Elector of Cologne at the beginning of the eighteenth century, who in composing acted in similar manner, but on a still larger scale, the master had frankly acknowledged his conveyances. When 'Israel' was performed in Handel's time, certain Italian airs were inserted so as to counteract any heaviness which the public might feel in listening to so many choral numbers; and, after the composer's death, Christopher Smith persisted in this *pot-pourri*. At a performance of the oratorio at Covent Garden in 1765 songs were thus inserted, and among them one entitled 'Wave from Wave,' an aria, "Sorge infesta," from the opera 'Orlando,' and this practice has continued, though in milder form, down to the present day. This 'Wave' song, introduced on Saturday, was sung by Mr. Andrew Black. Handel did such things to appease a public on whom he was virtually dependent. At a festival in his honour it would have been well to give the work without such interpolation. Then, again, why were Handel's own trombone parts not used? Or rather, why were trombones used where not marked by Handel, and *vice versa*? The performance of the work was, on the whole, most impressive. There were shortcomings. The sopranos still showed weakness in attack, and there were numbers in which musical and rhetorical accents were flabby; but the expressive singing of "He sent a thick darkness," and the quiet portions of "He led them forth"; the effective rendering of the difficult polyphonic choruses, "He led them through the deep" and "The people shall hear," and the breadth and boldness in "Thy right hand, O Lord," and the

great song of Moses and the children of Israel, more than made atonement. But there was one chorus in which the singing was particularly noteworthy. This was "And with the blast of Thy nostrils." Here Handel, by the way, has ventured on realistic effects which but for the majesty of the music would be puerile. And much depends, too, on the interpretation. It was sung with feeling and with force, with attention to details as means, not ends.

The vocalists were Mesdames Ella Russell, Clara Samuell, and Clara Butt, and Messrs. Charles Saunders, Andrew Black, and Kennerley Rumford. Mr. Saunders' vigorous delivery of "The enemy said" secured for him an encore, but he would have acted wisely in declining it, as did Messrs. Andrew Black and Kennerley Rumford after their fine rendering of "The Lord is a man of war." It remains with artists holding a high position to abolish the system of encores; they have the power, and their example would soon be followed by those of humbler standing. Mr. W. H. Hedges presided ably at the organ. We suppose he must not be held responsible for the horrid chords in "He rebuked the Red Sea." They are intended as a help to the choir, but they mar the impressiveness of the pause. At the close of the Festival Dr. August Manns was called to the platform, and his testimony to the excellent singing of the choir must have been gratifying to the singers and to Dr. Cowen.

Musical Gossip.

LADY MAUD WARRENDER'S grand concert at the Albert Hall last Thursday week, in aid of the Union Jack Club, was, as every one expected, a brilliant success. The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family were present, and the hall was crowded. There was a varied programme of music. The New Zealand band, conducted by Lieut. Herd, made a first and highly favourable appearance in England. Miss Marie Hall performed the first movement of Tschaikowsky's Violin Concerto, and played the obbligato part in the Bach-Gounod 'Ave Maria,' sung by Madame Albani. Under Mr. H. J. Wood's direction, the Queen's Hall orchestra and massed bands performed Tschaikowsky's '1812' Overture. The last number but one of the programme was Dr. Elgar's 'Coronation Ode,' in which the solo vocalists Mesdames Albani and Clara Butt, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Andrew Black, and the Leeds Choral Union took part. The work was given under the composer's direction. The National Anthem was sung at the end amid waving of thousands of flags.

THE programme of the seventh and last concert of the Philharmonic Society opened with the 'Prelude and Angel's Farewell' from Dr. Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius,' and the performance under Dr. Cowen's direction was admirable. The Prelude is impressive, but the 'Farewell' without the voice loses much. Dr. Cowen's clever and effective orchestral poem, 'A Phantasy of Life and Love,' was played for the first time at these concerts. Kubelik gave a delightful rendering of a Mozart Concerto in D. Madame Blanche Marchesi was announced to sing Dr. Stanford's scena, 'Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar,' for the first time with orchestra, but through indisposition was unable to appear.

Two interesting vocal recitals were given during the past week. The first was by Herr von Zur-Muhlen at the Bechstein Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Bach's peaceful Aria,

"Komm, süsser Tod," and some quaint sacred songs of the seventeenth century, were rendered with feeling and fervour. There were some Schubert songs, and among them the 'Erlkönig,' in which the artist's attempt at dramatic differentiation was unnatural. Herr Anton van Rooy's recital programme at St. James's Hall on the following afternoon included three interesting songs by H. Pfitzner, quite modern in character. The important pianoforte accompaniments were well played by Herr Hans Morgenstern. Beethoven's cycle "An die ferne Geliebte" was expressively sung.

M. LHÉVINNE, a new pianist from Moscow, gave a pianoforte recital yesterday week at St. James's Hall. In a Bach transcription he displayed fine technique, a thing, however, taken for granted nowadays. Pianists not thus equipped seldom appear before the public. M. LHévinne played Weber's Sonata, No 1 in C, of which the Finale, *moto perpetuo*, is well known; not so, however, the rest of the work. The first two movements are romantic, but in the pianist's reading the element of romance was only slightly perceptible. The Scherzo was delightfully rendered, and the Finale played with admirable skill. The version used was Henselt's, and the additions made are for the most part clever and effective, and to a pianist this version is undoubtedly more attractive than the original text. On principle, however, such tampering ought to be condemned; but, in this case, the name of Henselt was properly hyphenated to that of Weber on the programme. In Rubinstein's difficult "Etude sur les Fausses Notes" the performer exhibited agile and skilful fingers.

The prize of 250*l.* offered by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Manners for the best opera written by a foreign composer has been awarded to a competitor whose real name has not yet been divulged. The name of the opera is 'Philaenii.' The judges were Herr Lohse and Signor Mancinelli.

LIEUT. DAN GODFREY, late bandmaster of the Grenadier Guards, died on Tuesday morning at Beeston, where he was staying with his eldest daughter. He held his office of bandmaster for forty years, his first appearance being at the welcoming of the Guards by Queen Victoria on their return from the Crimea. He was, in fact, the first British bandmaster to hold Her Majesty's commission. A notable event in his long career was the visit with his band to Boston to take part in the Peace Jubilee demonstrations. Dan Godfrey's name was known far and wide. His brother Charles has been bandmaster of the Royal Horse Guards. Dan, the son of the late lieutenant, is bandmaster at Bournemouth, where he has also acquired reputation as conductor of the concerts in the Winter Gardens, in which capacity he has done much for native and for foreign art.

MR. DONALD FRANCIS TOVEY will give a new series of four subscription concerts in the Grafton Galleries, Bond Street, on Thursdays, November 26th and December 10th, 1903, and January 28th and February 11th, 1904. The programmes will include standard chamber works with pianoforte, also pianoforte solos. Mr. Tovey himself will contribute a trio, quartet, and songs for bass voice. He will be assisted by Miss Marie Fillunger and other vocalists, Prof. J. Kruse, Messrs. Percy Such and Malsch, and the Halir Quartet.

THE Dundee Advertiser of June 25th gives an interesting account of the discovery by Mr. A. H. Millar of some sheets of ancient ecclesiastical music in the Charter Room of Dundee. In 1887 that gentleman found similar sheets placed between the covers of a Protocol Book, dated 1580-5, which were identified as belonging to Missal and Graduale used in the Church of St. Mary or in the Franciscan Monastery. The newly discovered sheets have been examined, and found to form part of the same Missal.

The two Protocol Books belonged to Robert Wedderburn, notary in Dundee from 1574 to 1611; his brother was Alexander, the first of a succession of Wedderburns who held the office of town clerk. The sheets of the Missal, cut to the requisite size, had been used to stiffen the covers of the Protocol Books, and a plain sheet of paper pasted over them. Protestantism was then the form of religion in Scotland, and it is presumed that the Roman Missal was treated as waste paper, and thus put to practical use. Mr. F. C. Eeles, of Stonehaven, an authority on liturgies, expects to be able to ascertain the date when the Missal was printed. The Graduale Romanum now used in the Roman Church was prepared by Pope Paul V., and only instituted in 1614.

PERFORMANCES NEXT WEEK.

MON.	Miss Amy Hale's Concert, 8.30, St. James's Hall.
TUE.	Mr. C. Williams's Orchestra, 8.45, St. James's Hall.
—	Royal Opera, Covent Garden.
WED.	Royal Opera, Covent Garden. Gala Performance.
THURS.	Miss Weatherley's Recital, 8.30, Bechstein Hall.
FRI.	Miss Maud Greenwood's Girls' Concert, 8.30, Royal Opera, Covent Garden.
SAT.	Mr. Jan Mulder's Annual Concert, 8.30, Salle Erard.
—	Royal Opera, Covent Garden.
—	Kubell Violin Recital, 3. St. James's Hall.
—	Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

Drama

THE WEEK.

NEW THEATRE.—'The Joy of Living,' a Drama in Five Acts. Translated from Hermann Sudermann by Edith Wharton.

If the production at the New Theatre of Mrs. Wharton's adaptation of 'Es Lebe das Leben' proved less attractive than was to be hoped from the intrinsic merits of the piece, many reasons may be advanced to account for the failure. First among them we are disposed to place the conditions of production. When, a few months ago, the original was given at the Great Queen Street Theatre by the German company holding possession of the house, it was well mounted and efficiently cast. To take a piece of this character, and thrust it hurriedly upon the stage, with rehearsals avowedly inadequate and with a scratch company, is more than a risky, it is an unfair experiment—unfair to the author of the piece as to all concerned in its performance. It may be permissible to suppose that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who was understood to have no intention of playing during the present season, was carried away by a natural and laudable ambition to appear and take part in the species of tourney of great artists which the present season has witnessed. Honourable as is her attempt, she should in her own interest have taken care that her equipment was adequate to the strife she undertook and the combatants she challenged. Not too strong are some of the companies which have reached us from the French capital or provinces. Compared with that provided at the New Theatre, they are as *preux* going to fight the dolorous warrior of La Mancha when with pieces of pasteboard he fashions out of the morion of his ancestors a species of half-beaver. 'The Joy of Living,' which had been tried in America, is all that need be required. It is, however, heavily weighted.

Turning to the performance, we may say that Mrs. Campbell, to our thinking, misreads the character of the heroine. Beata von Kellinghausen is, among other things, a neurotic woman; but she is not wholly or even principally that. She is, as her friends tell her, the Egeria of her party; but this

may be the language of civility, affection, or compliment. She is, however, the light of the household, beloved and trusted of all, to whom the young people turn in their trouble, and who can boast to her husband that since she has taken charge of him he has known nothing but happiness. Such an excuse is, of course, futile in the circumstances. Many a cuckold has been *choyé* by his wife, and there are those among the ribald who maintain that the horn of advancement indicates that no good thing fails the man who is generally conciliatory and complaisant in domestic relations. Beata's intrigue with Richard is a thing of the past; it has been buried long since with her acquiescence, though scarcely at her wish, and she has now no purpose by any personal allurement to bring about a resumption of former relations. It is a seductive woman, for whom a man may still count the world well lost, that Mrs. Campbell presents; and in this we think she departs wholly from the intention of the author, whose Dumas-like moral—we suppose we must credit him with a moral—seems to be that no abstinence or penitence will atone for past error, a teaching none the less palatable to masculine humanity for being diametrically opposed to the lesson of the woman taken in adultery. It would have been a difficult task for Mrs. Campbell's company in any circumstances to have presented the leaders of the German Constitutional party. The effort to do so seemed scarcely to have been made. For the dulness of the opening scenes the company cannot be held wholly responsible. It was in their power to have diminished it by assigning more dignity and verisimilitude to the characters. To obtain this result, however, further rehearsals were indispensable.

An Actor's Life. By James R. Anderson, Tragedian. (Walter Scott Company.)—Like many actors, James Anderson began a diary; unlike almost all, he finished it. Abundant leisure was accorded him in his later years, when his active career was over and he had fallen into neglect and almost into oblivion, to co-ordinate and arrange his notes, and then, since interest in things theatrical was at its lowest ebb, he allowed his recollections, for which publishers did not compete, to appear in the Newcastle Weekly Chronicle, whence, with some judicious and much-needed compressions, they have now been abstracted. Newcastle had been loyal to Anderson, and there was a certain fitness in its selection for the first draft of his memoirs.

In a well-known letter to Miss Chalmers Burns declares, "There is not among all the martyrologies that ever were penned so rueful a narrative as the lives of the poets." We may be charged with an intention of burlesquing that utterance in saying that for the same cause and almost to the same extent this holds true of the lives of tragedians. In another letter to the same sympathetic friend Burns says, "God have mercy on me! a poor damned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool! The sport, the miserable victim of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonizing sensibility, and bedlam passions." With the exception of the "bedlam passions," concerning which we have in the case of Anderson no information, this confession might be made by many a tragedian had he the wit for such utterance and the capacity to travel so far outside himself as to contemplate himself from without. Not intentionally or knowingly lachrymose are the

memoirs of Anderson, who had, in fact, a rough experience. Conscious of a capacity equaling that of almost any of his rivals, he found himself compelled to retreat prematurely from the fray, and was wholly unaware that his own exaggerated sense of what was due to him was mainly responsible for his defeat.

Anderson's early experiences were common, almost usual, in days when an apprenticeship to the stage meant an experience of almost all conceivable forms of privation and hardship. His serious career began when, in 1836, Macready confided to him at Cheltenham, where Anderson and Penley were in management, that he intended to take Covent Garden Theatre, and invited him to join the company being formed. After a becoming display of coquetry Anderson accepted the offer, and opened as Florizel in 'The Winter's Tale' at Covent Garden on September 30th, 1837. From the outset, according to his own assertion, disappointment and mortification—for which we may, if we please, read the nonfulfilment of extravagant hopes—attended him. Macready seems to have treated him well, and to have retained his services so long as he was able.

At this time Anderson was twenty-six years of age, tall, shapely, handsome, and endowed with a magnificent voice. He was regarded as the best of Macready's recruits, and memories of his early performances in young lovers have reached the present generation. Subsequent impersonations of Orlando, Cassio, Amintor, Ulric, Icilius, and Romeo placed him for a while above rivalry. After an imprisonment in the Fleet for his Cheltenham debts, a second Covent Garden season with Macready, followed by an engagement with Charles Mathews and Madame Vestris at the same house, and other experiences, Anderson rejoined Macready at Drury Lane, where he remained 1841-4. At this period his reputation stood at its highest. He had not then acquired the mannerisms and elocutionary vices by which his style was subsequently marred.

Two visits to America, to be followed by many others in later days, had filled his pockets, and in the winter of 1849-50 he embarked on the management of Drury Lane. Though disastrous from the first, his conduct of the theatre was not unintelligent. Among the pieces he produced were his own alteration of 'The Elder Brother' of Beaumont and Fletcher, Schiller's 'Fiesco,' Sullivan's 'The Old Love and the New,' and 'Ingomar.' On June 24th, 1851, his management of Drury Lane came to an end, and Anderson, every penny of his savings spent, found himself compelled to seek refuge in the Queen's Bench. Drury Lane at that time, and for some years subsequently, ruined most of its managers. It was a score years later that the famous saying was heard that at that house "Shakspeare spelt ruin and Byron bankruptcy."

There is no temptation to follow the subsequent career of Anderson, which ceased to have any great influence on art. Australia was visited once and America often. Performances were given at Drury Lane and elsewhere, one of his latest and most notable appearances being as Antony to the Cleopatra of Miss Wallis at Drury Lane, under Chatterton's management, in September, 1873. Some mild experiments in management at East-End or transpontine theatres were essayed, but for many years before his death the once popular actor was but a shadow of a name. He was a well-known figure in late years at the Garrick, and it was while quitting that favourite haunt, at which he was always welcome, that he underwent at the hands of Hooligans the outrage which resulted in death. The substantial accuracy of this statement, which first appeared in the *Athenæum* on March 9th, 1895, is conceded in the introduction to the volume. Since both are now dead, it may without indiscretion be stated that between Anderson and the only other actor of his time and of corresponding years, Walter

Lacy, who was also a member of the club, there was a feud of long standing which no interference on the part of friends could appease. Lacy's name is not once mentioned in the book, which deals freely with other actors of the middle of the last century.

Unlike most histrionic recollections, 'An Actor's Life' has few amusing stories. It is welcome, however, since it helps to bridge over the dullest and most obscure portion of our stage annals. After the cessation in 1830 of Genest's unreadable but invaluable account of the stage there is a long interregnum, concerning which we know next to nothing. On the period between 1837 and 1851, almost the darkest of all, the present volume supplies so much light that it should occupy a permanent place among annals. Anderson is naturally chary of dates as regards others than himself, the future value of which he could not foresee; but he is much more free in dealing with them than his rivals, notably Macready, who could not conceive a future generation interested in anybody except himself. Macready, Charles Mathews, Phelps, Madame Vestris, Helen Faust, Mrs. Warner, and others stand visibly forth. Anderson knew Macready better than most, and, allowance being made for the conviction that he (Anderson) was in every respect his equal, he gives us the most accurate portrait we possess. The following account of his first London manager is just and almost generous:—

"Having known him so long, I became well acquainted with his character. William Macready was a very good man, with a most ungovernable temper; a great actor, but an unpleasant mannerist; a scholar, and a ripe and good one, but a man of unbounded stomach whose own opinion was the law. No actor knew anything of his art save only William Macready—as one should say, *I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth let no dog bark!* But this was only when he trod the boards; at home (away from the tinsel and spangles), at his own hospitable table, 'he was, to those who sought him, sweet as summer.' Peace be with him!"

It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon slips, though such are fairly numerous. Anderson had presumably some knowledge of German, but the Latin languages must have been unfamiliar to him. Competent editorship, or even press-reading, should have prevented him from talking of making "un grand coupe [sic] de théâtre." He wrote a good many plays, chiefly adaptations, all now forgotten. It was in Shakespeare that his reputation was made. He was in the original cast of many plays by Sheridan Knowles, and was the first Mauprat in Bulwer's 'Richelieu,' and Earl Merton in Browning's 'Blot in the Scutcheon.'

The Stage in 1902. By Agnes Platt. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)—From the London *Musical Courier* Miss Agnes Platt has reprinted eleven criticisms of plays given during the course of 1902, and an essay on 'The Morality or Immorality of the Stage.' She has much to say, some of it worth hearing, concerning the drama, but is surely the most truculent of her craft. So strongly is she impressed by the democratic sentiment that when, in 'The Gay Lord Quex,' Sophie Fullgarney undergoes the insults of his lordship, she is disposed to marvel why, having in her hand such a weapon as the lighted lamp, she does not employ it against his lordship, and "cut the knot by murder." Remedies so trenchant for the dramatic expression of heretical views scarcely won favour even in the time of the Terror. In reprinting these few criticisms the author has not desired to "prune their immaturities of style," for fear she might in so doing seem to "affect the honesty of the opinions they express." This is to be regretted, since much of the writing belongs to the worst order of journalese. On what principle the selection of plays to be noticed is made is not easily grasped. As the list includes two plays of Mr. Stephen Phillips, two of Mr. Pinero, and one of Mr. Jones, it may be accepted as fairly adequate. No want of bold-

ness of utterance is there, and others besides the dramatists named are told things that may give them pause. After making, according to her custom, a summary—a task in which she at times shows some neatness—of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's 'If I were King,' she grows almost dithyrambic in utterance: "Shoddy! The word may not be classic, but it seems to me aptly suited to the quality of both play and production. Shoddy! False taste, false point of view, false lustre, false adornment, and the use of a living name in vain." Again she bursts out: "Oh, the set, set speeches! oh, the monologues! oh—forgive the word [why this modesty?]—the balderdash!" It is a part of the writer's method to avoid, as a rule, the use of courtesy titles, and we hear not only of Alexander, Pinero, Bourchier, but at times of Fay Davies (*sic*), Julie Opp, Elizabeth Robins, Evelyn Millard. To haste and unwillingness to risk the loss of the first inspiration may be attributed such French as "Violatout!" and the constant substitution of 'La Bataille des Dames' for Scribe's 'Bataille de Dames.' Whatever Miss Platt may hold, accuracy is cheaply purchased at the cost of some sacrifice of freshness and energy, especially when, as in this case, the writer has enough of both and to spare.

THE FRENCH SEASON.

'PLUS QUE REINE,' 'PHÈDRE,' 'LA PASSERELLE,' 'LE SECRET DE POLICHINELLE.'

COMPETITION among the French artists in our midst reached its height on Monday, when at different theatres no fewer than three separate novelties, or what to the London public are such, were set before the playgoer. Among these 'Plus que Reine,' by M. Émile Bergerat, given at the Adelphi, is paramount in interest. Rehearsed under the direction of the author, and provided with elaborate scenery and effects, 'Plus que Reine' may be regarded as the most elaborate spectacle provided by any French company visiting London. Though written for Madame Bernhardt, it has not yet been given by her in Paris, its first production having taken place at the Porte Saint Martin on April 4th, 1899, under the direction of M. Coquelin, to whom it appears to have been lent. Madame Hading was then the heroine. Though principally spectacular, it develops in its progress a keen dramatic interest, and the action after Bonaparte begins seriously to impress on Joséphine the necessity for divorce becomes harrowing. The title of the play is derived from the alleged prophecy of a Martinique negress that the heroine should some day be more than queen, which, of course, means empress. The action begins in the Palais Royal, then called the Palais Égalité, when the *muscadins*, free at length from the Terror, are dancing at the *bals des victimes*, or arranging for assaults on the *sans culottes*, their former masters. Joséphine, seeking for a dog she has lost, accosts Napoleon, who detains her, hears from her the story of the predicted fate, finds in it something kindred with the suggestions of his own star, and dreams of a union with her. In the first act Bonaparte returns from Egypt wild with passion and jealousy, and finds Joséphine at the Hôtel Chantereine dressed as Cleopatra and preparing for a ball at the house of Barras. He is fiercely indignant, but yields to her seductions. A second act, at Malmaison, shows the acceptance of the title of emperor, the consequent fulfilment of the prediction, and the annoyance and rage of Pauline and Caroline at the triumph of their hated sister and superior. A third act (omitted in representation), at the Tuilleries, depicts the preparation for the *sacre*, and ends with the *sacre* itself. The remaining acts are occupied with the failing attempt of Joséphine to reconcile Napoleon with his brother Lucien, and the process by which Bonaparte extorts from his sterile and reluctant partner her

final consent to her divorce. This is the most dramatic portion of the work, and is, indeed, as has been said, inexpressibly touching. Madame Bernhardt's performance is sustainedly fine, and lacks no element of picturesqueness, tenderness, or seduction. M. de Max succeeds M. Coquelin as Napoleon, and is seen to advantage; and M. Desjardins repeats his original performance of Lucien Bonaparte, the Spartan brother of the emperor. M. Gerval succeeds M. Jean Coquelin as Talleyrand. Mesdames Dolly and Kerwich play the sisters of Bonaparte, and Madame Patry his mother, the general interpretation being capable. The play is superior to any of the numerous Napoleonic dramas we have seen. Among points which Englishmen will note may be mentioned that Voltaire's scoff against the Englishman, that he has thirty religions, but only one sauce, is now directed against the Americans, and that Joséphine says that her spouse is more jealous than Othello, whom she calls the Venetian negro recently put on the stage by M. Ducis.

Madame Bernhardt has also been seen to high advantage as Phèdre, a part of which she has had for nearly forty years a virtual monopoly.

The Censure has at last permitted the appearance of Madame Réjane at the Garrick in 'La Passerelle.' We have as yet heard of no evil consequences resulting from this relaxation of discipline.

The Coronet, until Saturday last occupied by Madame Jane Hading, has now opened its doors to a travelling portion of the company of the Gymnase Dramatique, which has appeared in 'Le Secret de Polichinelle' of M. Wolff. This is a simple piece, in which a father and mother, relenting towards a beloved son who has contracted an irregular liaison, steal over to see privately the son who is his issue, and heap him with toys while pretending to each other to be implacable. In this M. Huguenet gives a fine performance of M. Jauvenel, the father.

Dramatic gossip.

THIS evening witnesses the last performance at the Gaiety, a theatre with many pleasant memories, among which may be counted the appearance in 1879 of what was virtually the entire Comédie Française. A special entertainment is naturally provided, and Mr. John Hollingshead will issue, in the shape of a souvenir, a short account of the theatre, the fortunes of which he did much to establish, and the management of which during its brightest period was in his hands. His 'Gaiety Chronicles' supply, naturally, abundant particulars concerning that period.

IN a four-act adaptation, by Miss Annie Hughes, of 'Lorna Doone,' produced at the Avenue on three afternoons during the present week, Mr. Hayden Coffin played John Ridd. He was scarcely robust enough for the part, which he rather sentimentalized. Miss Eldee was the heroine. Mr. Holman Clark and the adapter were seen to advantage in other characters.

'THE SQUIRE' of Mr. Pinero was revived for a charity at the Garrick on Friday afternoon, the principal parts being played by Miss Kate Rorke, Mr. B. Webster, Mr. Gilbert Hare, and Miss Agnes Hill.

YET another play on the inexhaustible subject of Napoleon is promised in Paris. It is by M. Jean Richépin, is called 'Mademoiselle Napoléon,' and introduces no fewer than forty-four characters, among them Mlle. Mars, who is seen at the Comédie Française.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—W. A. S.—B. T. B.—J. N. F.—T. H.—received.
E. A. P.—C. F. G. M.—Many thanks.
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No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

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